







BEHIND THE CURTAIN;

OR,

LEELINAU.

There is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks
and corners of the earth. — DOUGLASS JERROLD.



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BEHIND THE CURTAIN

OR

LELLINAU.

THE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE LADY OF LLELINAU,
AND HER ADVENTURES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WALES.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

FOR the incidents concerning young Wallingford, the author is indebted to a missionary who labored among the Indians.

The characters of Letelesha and Petalesharoo are derived from history. The visit of the young chief to the City of Washington created intense interest for his tribe among government officials; his efforts at raising the tone of morals among the Pawnees being unprecedented in one not acquainted with God's Word.

The author, also, gratefully acknowledges her indebtedness to the works of the following authors for facts respecting the manners and customs of the Pawnees: Drake's Book of the Indians; Heckewelder's History of Indian Nations; Schoolcraft's Journal, and Legends; Johnstone's Narrative; Robertson's History; Lewis and Clark's Expedition to the Pacific Ocean; Major Long's Journal, and other records of expeditions among the Western Tribes.

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CHAPTER I.

THE STATION-HOUSE.



LARGE, open and not over clean station-house in Montreal, the floor covered with oil-cloth worn in front of the seats, passengers running to and fro to secure tickets from the hurried, but civil depot-master, friends meeting with a hasty,—“Oh, I’m glad you’re off too!”—“Splendid day!”—“What a crowd!”—“Oh, dear! where is my husband with those baggage-checks?”—Here and there a quiet, but tearful leave-taking—such is the opening scene of my story.

Notwithstanding the hurry and bustle of

everybody, the fear of being too late for the cars, the large clock shows there are still twenty minutes to gather up packages, to examine anew the checks, to arrange the tickets so conspicuously that the conductor can see them, and to bid a final adieu to friends you are to leave behind.

But here I must describe two of the many passengers bound from Canada to the States.

Standing in a corner of the depot, is a girl apparently of eighteen years. She is attired in the simplest manner. With a travelling dress of brown Thibet having little breadth of skirt, with sack and hat of the same color, with a heavy shawl across her arm, and a covered basket on the window-sill near her, she would scarcely arrest the attention of any one.

A thin brown gauze veil had partially hidden from her fellow-travellers her pale,

agitated countenance, but suddenly snatching it off to answer her white-haired servant, the sight of her distress moved one heart among the many around her.

"I almost wish I'd never thought of going," she exclaimed in a low, sweet voice as an old man put a check into her hand. "I shall be so very far away, and if anything should happen to him! Oh, Warner! what if he should die; and I never see him again!"

"Hush! miss!" faltered the man, making a violent effort to control himself. "You're a bit nervous; or you wouldn't give way when you've held out so bravely. I'd rather live on one meal a day than to have you go out by yourself to seek your fortune; but as you've decided, and master has given his consent, perhaps you'll make a trial for a few months. If you don't succeed,——"

"I shall succeed," she retorted, with an astonishing change in her tone. "There is no doubt of my success; but, my father, if I could only carry him with me."

She saw that Warner's courage was giving way; and putting her gloved hand on his shoulder, she added, with a bright smile:

"In a fortnight or less, you'll hear that I'm engaged as governess in some rich family, Creoles perhaps. There is no telling how much I shall earn; and then you'll bring father on to me. I leave everything with you. I don't forget what a dear faithful old creature you've been; how you've carried me miles in your arms and——"

"Ah! that was in good old England," interrupted the man, between a sigh and a sob.

At this moment there was an unusual

bustle; and our young traveller glanced around with a frightened air, as if she feared she would lose her seat.

"There are ten minutes yet," remarked a voice near her.

"Thank you, sir. I thought they were all going."

"Your young lady is alone, I see," added the gentleman, in a calm, rather cold address. "I have taken tickets to Boston, and from thence I go direct through Washington to the South. If I can be of service — here is my card," presenting it to the man, who passed it to his young mistress.

She did not even glance at it, but fixed her dark brown eyes keenly on the gentleman's face. After an instant, as if satisfied with the survey, she exclaimed eagerly:

"Isn't New Orleans in the same direction? I'm going there."

"Yes; and I believe it is time we were

taking our seats. "Will you give your young lady to my care as far as we journey together?" he asked with a grave smile.

Warner hesitated, gazing at the stranger as if he would read him through and through.

"I honor you for your caution," added the gentleman, more hurriedly. "If there were time, I think I could convince you that I should regard such a trust as sacred; but as there is not, I can only say that I am an Englishman, and that I will do for your friend as I would wish you to do for mine, were our circumstances reversed."

"I accept your offer, sir," responded the white-haired man, "and may the God of her father reward you according to the kindness you show an unprotected girl."

Without another word the gentleman transferred the lady's shawl to his own arm, balanced the basket on his finger, and led the way toward the cars, where, the gate being

unlocked, the passengers were now crowding in earnest.

"Good-by," faltered the young girl, with a burst of tears. "Tell father to pray for me. Oh Warner! I trust you to do everything for him. Don't forget your promise about writing."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

In another minute our traveller was seated in the car, her shawl folded, and packed into the rack above her, the basket at her feet; but she seemed unconscious of anything except the fact that at last she had entered on the stage of life, had launched out from the quiet waters in which for eighteen summers she had rowed her barque, into the ocean whose currents were ever widening and deepening.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; and still she sat with her face buried in her hands. Now that it was too late to go back, she would

have given worlds to do so, to rush into her deserted room, tear off her bonnet, and then throw her arms around her father's neck. She imagined his delight, and the tenderness with which he would fold her to his heart.

"Father! father!" she heard herself exclaim; "I've come back, I can't leave you; it would kill me. I will try to find something here which will gain us bread; and we will trust in God for the rest."

"Can I do any thing to make you more comfortable, Miss?"

Edith started with a little cry of pain; the awakening to present realities was too sudden. In answer to the polite inquiry of her companion, she turned upon him a face so stamped with suffering that he was startled. She shook her head, trying in vain to speak; and he was rather annoyed at having placed himself in such a situation: wondering what he ought to say, he relapsed into silence.

But his question did Edith good. It roused her from the vain regrets which had almost overwhelmed her. "I cannot go back," she repeated to herself over and over. "I have voluntarily undertaken to provide my father with a home more congenial than this cold climate. After months of urging I have conquered his reluctance; and shall I falter now? No! no, indeed!"

The gentleman, sitting by her side, felt her form shake, as, with a resolve to go forward, trusting in help from above, she indulged herself in the luxury of tears. But before he could frame any remark suited to comfort and soothe her, the agitation began to subside. She drew from her pocket a tiny volume; and rapidly turning the leaves, she paused upon one page.

Glancing over her hand, her companion read the words at the top; "October 1," then underneath a verse from Scripture: "Let not

your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Presently she shut the book and returned it to her pocket; her struggle was over; and, with God's help the victory won. "I have tried to do right," she said to herself; "and I may take Christ's comforting words to myself. Yes, I do believe in God as a gracious Father who orders all things well for those who love him. I do believe with all my heart in the love of my dear Saviour; though I forsake all earthly friends I do not forsake him; he goes with me. Then let me remember his words: "Let not your heart be troubled."

To the gentleman's great relief, Edith turned to the window, and was attracted by the fine view. Heretofore her thoughts had been turned inward; now she began to realize that gratitude for the kindness of the stranger prompted some return of his civilities.

"Pardon me, sir," she commenced, but suddenly checked herself on perceiving that while she had been enjoying the prospect, the gentleman had purchased the morning paper from a boy going through the cars, and was perusing its columns.

He glanced in her face calmly, waiting for her to go on.

"I'm afraid I have—I fear my grief at parting from my home has made me appear ungrateful. I am truly glad to accept your protection. I have never travelled alone before."

"It is a long journey for one so young. Are you going to remain in New Orleans through the winter?"

"Yes, sir, I expect to. I hope to. I am going to teach music."

"Ah! May I ask whether you have a place engaged?"

"No sir!" in a saddened tone. "I wish

I had. Do you think it will be difficult to secure a situation?"

"Have you friends to assist you?"

"I know a lady who went from Montreal as governess to some wealthy Creoles; but my letters to her have remained unanswered of late; and I fear I shall not find her. I am acquainted with no one else in all the South."

"I regret to say that I am also a stranger there."



CHAPTER II.

THE TRAVELLERS.

 **T** is natural for youth to be overwhelmed with sorrow at what could be very calmly endured in riper years; and it is also natural for youth to shake off its sadness, and enjoy the happiness of the present moment,—so it must not be considered strange if Edith, though only a few hours parted from the father who was her only kin this side the Atlantic, should exhibit the buoyancy of her nature, in seizing every opportunity for enjoyment.

The third seat in front of hers was occupied by a young couple, who, it was easy to conjecture, were on their wedding tour. The young man was apparently just entering his

majority, and his companion three or four years his junior. When Edith began to notice them, the husband, if such he was, was trying to prevail with his wife to rest her head on his shoulder for a nap, which, having been roused at an unusually early hour, Edith realized would be a luxury ; but with a blush and shy glance around the cars, the girl-bride resolutely declined.

He had bought a paper of the news-boy, and held it before him ; but it was easy to see, his mind was not absorbed in the reading. The lady unlocked her carpet-bag, and taking from it an apple, proceeded to pare it, putting one mouthful between her own lips, and the next between his. Two or three rich cakes shared the same fate ; and Edith, now quite forgetful of herself, was smiling in sympathy with their delight, when the Custom House officer came into the cars to demand the keys for the inspection of baggage.

"I have one trunk, marked 'E. Colchester;'" Edith said shyly, as the officer in turn stopped opposite her seat.

Most of the gentlemen had arisen, and followed to the baggage-room, preferring not to give up their keys.

The poor girl reluctantly drew hers from her pocket, greatly annoyed at the necessity of having her trunk exposed to the view of strangers, when her companion noticed her flushed, anxious face.

"Is the demand absolute?" he inquired of the grum officer.

"Absolute."

"Will you trust your key with me, Miss?" he asked, gravely.

"Thank you;" putting it into his nicely gloved hand.

"There is no trouble," he remarked, returning presently. "The officer has enough to do to examine the bridal *trousseau* of our

neighbors," glancing toward the young lady in front of them. "It is extremely annoying; but we shall have no more of it."

Edith had improved the opportunity while he was away, to examine the card he had given Warner. The name engraved upon it was "BROOKS D. WALLINGFORD."

It is awkward for him to be always addressing me as Miss, was her quick reflection; and she hastily wrote her own name, "EDITH COLCHESTER," on a blank card.

He accepted it with a grave smile, held it a moment before his eyes, then opened his *porte-monnaie*, and laid it carefully within.

When the gentlemen were again seated, the Custom House officer reappeared; and, pointing to the carpet-bags in the racks, he signified that he wished to examine them. Some of the passengers growled; others swore, while still others showed their wisdom by submitting to what couldn't be avoided.

With an expression of intense disgust, Mr. Wallingford unlocked his bag, and held it out for inspection; and Edith with a smile and a blush followed his example. The officer merely glanced at the inside without touching either of them. But their neighbors did not escape so easily. He turned half the contents of a well-stuffed valise upon the floor, and tumbled them in again without a word, when the bride catching up a well worn Bible thrust it in his face, inquiring, with an arch smile:

“Don’t you want to examine this?”

Edith watched all these proceedings with intense interest; and when the officer passed on, exclaimed eagerly:

“It’s too bad: but—I’m glad she had a Bible. I know she is good.”

“Do you consider that a safe conclusion, Miss Colchester.”

“Certainly.”

Shy as she had been before, her reserve increased after this; and Mr. Wallingford was sure he had sunk in her estimation by his question.

The iron horse had now carried them below St. Albans; and Edith, gazing from the window, was in a ecstasy of delight. In the distance she could discern Mount Mansfield, its top capped with snow; then a turn in the road led them over a deep gorge, the dark rushing waters underneath; and before she could have time to fix it in her memory, they were winding along by the side of a peaceful river, whose glassy surface was reflecting the bright October sun.

"This is enchanting," exclaimed Mr. Wallingford, putting the blind up as far as it would go. "I had no idea of such scenery in this vicinity."

"It's too bad to be shut up and only catch a glimpse of it," answered Edith.

The gentleman rose at once, and went to the rear end of the car.

“If you don’t object to a change of seat,” he said, returning after a few minutes, “a fine view is to be had from the back of the car. The conductor assures me the view is fine, for twenty miles along our route.”

Edith started at once, and found that the conductor had not deceived them. Perhaps the pleasure was more keen because wholly unexpected; but the impressions of the next few hours she never forgot.

An ardent lover of nature, it was not strange that her cheek flushed, and her eye kindled, as they rushed on past the rolling land, cascades tumbling from the heights,—an occasional spire, its top glistening like burnished silver,—wooded hills decked in holiday attire of crimson and gold; and deep dark ravines; now a log hut, then a neat farm-house, herds of horses and cattle, browsing on the

fertile plains; large fields of golden pumpkins. Now a lake dotted with islands, Camel's Rump mountain, Sunday mountain, Fairlee mountain; then a peaceful village with its church and school-houses, followed by patches of cultivated land, and variegated by the brown, sandy soil of the heights above.

They had taken seats in the back of the rear car; but Edith grew so excited she sprang to her feet with the eager question:

"May I stand at the door window, Mr. Wallingford? Oh, may I? The view will be so much better."

"I see no objection," and rising he placed himself at her side.

The conductor, an intelligent man, presently joined them; and smiling in approval of Edith's animated countenance, offered to tell them the names of the mountains they were passing.

At two o'clock when they were approach-

ing White River Junction, Edith sank on her seat in a state of great exhaustion.

"Oh!" she said penitently, "how I have enjoyed it. I didn't think this morning I could ever be so happy again. Dear Father, I suppose he imagines me weeping at the separation." Her voice gave evidence of real distress, and her companion hastened to ask:

"Wouldn't it give him pleasure to know that you were not insensible to the beauties of nature? It always seemed easy to me to worship God through his works."

Edith fixed her eyes on his face with a searching glance, then with a sigh of relief added:

"I'm so glad."

A curious smile played around the gentleman's mouth; but before he had time to reply if he had wished to do so, the cars slackened their speed; and the conductor, putting his head inside the door, shouted:

"Passengers for Boston, twenty minutes for dinner."

Mr. Wallingford rose at once.

"I have lunch in my basket," said Edith blushing, "I have enough for you if you will join me."

"Thank you," he answered gravely, "would it rest you to walk a few minutes? and perhaps you could take a cup of coffee. We could eat our lunch afterward."

"I have been standing so long," she began.

He bowed, and was off before she could finish her sentence.

After five minutes he came to the window, and passed her a cup of coffee.

"I am sorry, sir," she urged; "but I never drink coffee. I have a bottle of milk in my basket."

"Can I get you anything else?"

"No, sir, oh no!"

He returned at once, after paying for the

coffee which he himself drank, and when the passengers hurried to their seats, he and Edith were chatting merrily over their buttered rolls and cold chicken.

When they had finished, the young girl opened the bottle of milk, and pouring half the contents into a small silver cup shyly held it out to her companion. He raised it to his lips with a laugh, and then returned it to her.

"I'm fond of milk," she said, and drained every drop.

"The basket is much lighter Miss Colchester," the gentleman said, bestowing it between his feet. "Are you not sorry you invited me to a share of your feast?"

A gay laugh was her only answer.

"She has a light heart with all her load of care," mused Mr. Wallingford relapsing into silence. He was a lonely man with few near kindred, and wondered much to find his soli-

tude broken so readily by a mere child as he considered Edith. In his inmost soul he acknowledged it was very delightful. "A generous deed," he repeated to himself, "brings its own reward. I was prompted by the merest compassion, to offer her my protection. I foresee the companionship of a fresh, ardent mind will relieve the tedium of my journey."



CHAPTER III.

THE SCRIPTURE MOTTOES.



T Bellows Falls the cars were delayed so that our travellers did not reach Boston till half past nine o'clock.

For the last hour or two Edith had slept. Between them, the rolls, chicken, sandwiches and tarts had disappeared, and now startled by the slackening speed, she longed to be in some quiet room where she could rest.

"Where shall I go?" she asked in some trepidation, looking out into the darkness. "Is there a hotel or boarding house near by?"

"I have ascertained that the Tremont is a good house. I will get a hack; and we shall drive there in a few minutes."

She wanted to thank him; but something restrained her, and taking his offered arm, she walked the entire length of the depot to the deserted Ladies' Room.

"I shall be absent but a moment, to find the trunks," he said, hurrying away.

In less than half an hour the civil waiter at the Tremont informed Miss Colchester that her room was ready; and as she had positively declined taking refreshment, she rose to follow him.

Mr. Wallingford stood waiting to bid her good night. After a moment's hesitation she frankly extended her hand.

"I wish father knew," she exclaimed with a burst of feeling, "how kindly my heavenly Father has watched over me so far. I have a verse for every day, and the one for this day has come so true. I can't tell you, sir, how grateful I am. What could I have done alone?"

“Will you let me share your verse to-morrow?” This was his good night.

She bowed her glad assent and hurried away.

The room was small but neatly furnished, indeed everything about the house wore an air of comfort. After locking and bolting the door, Edith laid aside her hat, and threw herself on her knees by the side of the bed, her heart swelling as she thought: “Oh! how much I have to be grateful for.” With streaming eyes she implored the continuance of God’s blessing on herself that she might be successful in earning means to provide her dear father a comfortable home in his declining years. She prayed that he and his faithful servant might be preserved from sickness or calamity during their separation, and be permitted to meet ere long. Nor did she forget to supplicate blessings on him who had been her kind protector through the day.

She prayed that if he had not already chosen Christ for his friend, he might no longer delay to do so. Then committing herself and all dear to her to the care of her heavenly Father, she laid her head on the pillow, and was soon quietly sleeping.

Probably by this time, my readers may wish to know something more of Mr. Wallingford's appearance and character. In stature he was tall and commanding; his manners were grave, dignified, perhaps cold, though the occasional smile that lightened his whole face, proved that his feelings were deep and ardent. His features were peculiar, and would excite attention in the most casual observer. His complexion was dark but clear, indeed had not Edith heard from his own lips that he was an Englishman, she would have believed him a Spaniard or Italian. His eyes were dark and piercing, with a wide space between them. His hair was black and shiny

as a raven's wing, his nose, quite a prominent feature, was straight and handsomely formed, his lips were full and mobile, his chin, which was closely shaven, square and firm. His mouth was ornamented with two rows of exquisite teeth. The *tout ensemble* was good, and gave one the impression of a man of honor, which he was.

The next morning Edith was awakened by the gong, and about an hour later a chambermaid knocked at her door, to say that Mr. Wallingford was waiting in the parlor to accompany her to the breakfast table.

"I see you have rested well," he said, cordially taking her frankly offered hand. "After breakfast I will tell you what I have learned about our route to New Orleans."

"I have something to tell you, too," she added between a smile and a blush.

"Now," he urged when they had returned to the parlor, which at this early hour was

quite deserted, "I wish to ask whether you prefer to go to New Orleans by water or by land?"

"I'm afraid, I mustn't act according to my pleasure, Mr. Wallingford. I must consult my purse, and take the cheaper route. Here is all I have;" putting the netted article into his hands.

He balanced the purse on his finger with a peculiar smile and then asked:

"Shall I keep it for you?"

With a confidence that really moved him, she answered:

"Yes, sir, if you will take the trouble. It contains one hundred and twenty dollars, the results of my teaching for six months. I hope to make it last till I get a situation in New Orleans. Don't you think it will?"

"Without doubt; but why do you prefer New Orleans? I should think Savannah would be preferable. I have a friend in Sa-

vannah, who I am sure would interest himself in you. He is a clergyman, too, and has daughters near your age."

After reflecting a moment Edith answered seriously :

"I wish I knew what was best. My only motive in fixing on New Orleans was the fact of my friend having been successful there; but I may never see her again; and then I should be all alone in a great city. No, I ought not to say alone," she murmured devoutly.

"You may certainly count on my not leaving you until you are provided for," he remarked, misunderstanding her.

A vivid blush spread all over her countenance as she answered quickly, "I referred to Him who has said to his children, 'I will be with thee alway, even to the end of the world.' But about my destination, I fear you will be vexed that you met us in Montreal. Poor Warner was so anxious."

"It is not easy to displease me," remarked Mr. Wallingford, rising and pacing the room, "but you can do so by reflections of that nature. It is plain that you are a novice in travelling, and do not understand how much it adds to the comfort of a gentleman, not to say to his importance, to have the company of a lady. It gives him the privilege of the best cars, and a seat among the first set at the *table d'hote*."

Edith laughed heartily.

"I would like to leave you with my friends in Savannah," he urged presently. "It is much more healthy than New Orleans, and far more easy of access for your father. We can, if you think best, go to New York in the boat to-night and take the first steamer for that city. That will give us a whole day to visit the Boston lions."

"Isn't it very expensive staying in such a house as this?"

"Having given up your purse, Miss Colchester, I advise you to feel no further care on the subject. You forget that I dined and took supper at your expense yesterday."

"No, I do not," with an arch smile. "I enjoyed so much having some one to eat with me." She walked to the window and stood gazing into the street; but her thoughts were evidently not on the passers by.

After a few minutes he joined her. "Do you know," he asked, "that you have forgotten a promise you made me last night?"

"No, sir."

"You said I might share your text for October second."

With a bright smile she pulled from her pocket the volume of Scripture gems, and turning to the place read aloud:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

"I read it as soon as I awoke," she said artlessly; "but I thought you would forget about it."

He shook his head and looked very grave. He was asking himself, "Why have I never sought the shield of God's promises, which are so sure a defence for this unprotected girl?"

Edith gazed in his face a moment, and then interrupting his meditations, said eagerly:

"I believe in you Mr. Wallingford. Yes, I do, though I know nothing of you except what I learned from this card. I'm sure you will only advise me for my good. I'll go to Savannah if you think it best; and my father will join me in thanking you for your kindness. But wont it be out of your way to go there? Couldn't you give me a letter to your friend?"

The entrance of some travellers prevented his reply to her question. Her confidence had deeply moved him, and he resolved never to forfeit it.

"I shall take tickets for New York then," he said, "and order a carriage for a drive around the city."

"If you please, I had rather walk, Mr. Wallingford."

"Without any reference to the purse?"

"Yes, sir."

"When we return, will you give me an opportunity to judge of your qualifications for a music teacher?"

"I will play for you now, while we are alone."

The travellers had passed down the stairs, when he lifted the cover of the large piano standing in the room.

"What will you do for notes, Miss Colchester?"

"I must play something I can remember; or perhaps compose a waltz, in honor of Boston." She glanced in his face with an arch smile.

"I had rather hear you sing."

"Are you *very* fond of music?" She asked this question as she ran her fingers over the keys; but finding the tone of the instrument uncommonly sweet, she was presently absorbed in her own music, so absorbed as to forget everything else.

One piece followed another in quick succession, each more sad and full of pathos, until at last she poured out her whole soul in the words of Eve's lament:

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?"

"Who is she?" "Where did she come from?" were the whispered inquiries of one and another who had been attracted to the parlor, by her rich, clear voice.

For one moment Edith leaned forward and buried her face in her hands, then rising she walked across the parlor to the window, where Mr. Wallingford stood, and touching his arm asked:

“Shall I get my hat now?”

He started at her changed appearance. Her face was of an ashy hue, her lips even being colorless. It was evident that her music had moved her own feelings, if it had affected no other listener. He took her hand gravely, as if she had been a child and remarked briefly:

“You are ill.”

“No; but I was tempted to indulge myself. It was too much for me. I must forget the past.”

“‘Let not your heart be troubled.’ Was not that your motto yesterday?” he asked.

Her eyes filled with tears; but with a

resolute effort she commanded herself, and choked them back.

"Thank you," was her softly murmured reply; and she left him, making a passing bow to the salutations of the ladies who had heard her sing.



CHAPTER IV.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.



THEY walked on in the direction of the Common without speaking, and after turning into the mall, Mr. Wallingford paused, trying to recall the instruction he had received in reference to the lake.

“Oh,” faltered Edith with a sigh, “how little those ladies imagine my situation, a wanderer from my father’s house, separated forever from the scenes of my childhood, my dear, dear home across the sea.”

He felt her form tremble and drew her arm more firmly into his; but ignorant of all the circumstances of her

past life he knew not how to comfort her. The silence became almost intolerable to him when she added: "how little people know of what passes behind the curtain."

Just before them a nurse was leading two lovely children. One of them, a pretty blonde with golden hair and deep blue eyes, looked around archly as if trying to court attention.

"Oh!" cried Edith, springing forward, "isn't she a darling? Will you let me kiss you, dear?"

The little Miss submitted with a good grace, and afterward insisted on leaving the nurse and walking with her new friend.

"Does it annoy you to walk so slowly, Mr. Wallingford?" Edith asked, noticing his serious expression. "I suppose the child mistakes me for some acquaintance;

but it is delightful to have her like me; it warms my heart, I have so few friends in America."

"I shall always thank the little one for doing what I had no power to do."

"What is that, pray?"

"Win you from your sadness to brighter views of life."

At this moment the nurse wished to turn in another direction, and called out in a decided tone:

"Rose! Rose! you must come with me now."

So Rose held up her cherry lips for another kiss, and trotted away with her little brother.

"I'm sorry you think me sad, Mr. Wallingford. I assure you my disposition is very hopeful. Witness the fact that I'm here in the States, hundreds of miles from my home, and willing to increase the distance by thou-

sands of miles more ; and all because hope stands in the distance beckoning me on. Oh, I'm uncommonly hopeful !

"I'm a firm believer in goodness too," she added, as he did not speak, "so much so that I came near throwing my arms about an old lady I saw at the breakfast-table this morning. I feel confident she would have given me good advice, very like a mother. My mother died just when I needed her most." The last words were uttered so sadly, her companion feared she was lapsing into melancholy again ; but she instantly recovered herself, and went on quite gayly.

"Yes, I believe with Douglas Jerrold, that 'there is goodness, like wild honey, hived in strange nooks and corners of the earth.' Have you a mother, Mr. Wallingford ?"

He started at the unexpected question,

and almost dropped her arm, but replied at once:

"I'm on my way to see her. I've been debating with myself for the last hour whether it would be good for you to hear a story sadder than your own, whether you would like a peep behind my curtain."

"And what is your conclusion?" she inquired, gazing at him with new interest.

"That I cannot throw such a cloud over your young life."

"I would like to comfort you if I can," murmured Edith, glancing in his agitated face with moistened eyes; "but if I cannot, you know where to go for consolation. I will lend you both my mottoes. Yes, and I can repeat another that my father made me commit to memory years ago:

"Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the

ground.' 'Behold happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.' "

"But what if I have only the belief of the understanding in these truths? What if I have never opened my heart to their influence?"

"Then God is afflicting you to bring you to repentance, faith and love. Don't you remember the verse, 'Now no chastening for the present is joyous, but rather grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby'? But why have you never opened your heart to Christ's invitation? 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in unto him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' "

"I have never satisfactorily answered that question to myself."

"I wish you would believe, not only with the understanding, but with your whole heart. I don't know what I should do if I could not apply to myself God's gracious promises to his children. In my sorrow there is no comfort like that."

"Tell me how to obtain that comfort."

"Why it's the easiest thing in the world. Christ came to this earth to take our burden of sin, and to give us his righteousness instead. Don't you consider yourself a sinner before God?"

"Like Paul, I am often constrained to cry out, 'I am the chief of sinners.'"

"And don't you understand that Jesus Christ is ready to pardon your sins?"

"Yes, I know that in the abstract; but there is some mysterious process to be passed through, before I can stand forth as justified before God."

"Yes, it is mysterious. We may under-

stand in heaven; but we cannot here; how it is that a guilty soul can, in a moment of time, pass from the deepest condemnation to the light and privileges of a son of God: but thousands who cannot solve the mystery, have accepted Christ's offer in faith, and are happy."

Mr. Wallingford shook his head, turning impatiently from the walk, which was becoming crowded, down an unfrequented path.

"I am blind, and cannot see," he said solemnly.

"I am afraid it is your own fault. Just so, some of the poor Israelites in the wilderness would not look upon the brazen serpent to be healed of their wounds. There it was just before them; and they were commanded to look and be saved; but they kept their eyes closed, and said, 'We are blind, we cannot see.'"

"Explain the analogy."

"The brazen serpent was a type of Christ; those bitten represent sinners; they would not look to him, just as you will not accept him as your Mediator with the Father, though he has given his life to obtain a ransom for you. No, you are trying to get into heaven some other way. He says, 'Look unto me, and be saved.'"

Glancing in his face, she was frightened at the convulsed features. She feared she had offended him, and wanted to run away, to be in her own room, and beseech God to draw him by his gracious Spirit. Back and forth they paced hurriedly, until their singular movements began to attract notice. Then, trembling with fear and awe, Edith, by a pressure of his arm, turned her companion toward home.

They separated at the door of the par-

lor without a word, each of them retiring to their room.

Two, three hours passed, and the dinner-bell rang long and loud; but no summons came for Edith from Mr. Wallingford. At last, faint and weary with prolonged excitement, the young girl rang the bell, and asked for a cup of tea in her chamber. She was breaking the roll which accompanied it, when a servant brought Mr. Wallingford's card.

"The gentleman is waiting in the parlor, Miss."

Edith gave him the tray, and went down at once. A single glance assured her that her friend had found peace.

"I'm so glad," she said softly.

"I cannot explain now," he remarked, "I can only say that whereas I was once blind to the infinite glories of my Saviour's character, now I see."

He gave her his arm, and they took seats at the table, which fortunately was by this time nearly deserted.

"The car which takes us to the boat leaves at five," he said, when they were about to rise. "We have forty-five minutes to reach the depot."

He put some silver into the waiter's hand, then turned back to Edith, and did not leave her till she reached the door of her room.

"How soon shall I send for your trunk, Miss Colchester?"

"It is all ready now."

"Will you come to the parlor when you have put on your hat?"

On reaching New York, they went at once to the Astor House, where Mr. Wallingford learned that the steamer to Savannah, did not sail till Saturday. As this was

only. Thursday morning, they had time to visit many places of interest in the Empire city and its vicinity.

Having breakfasted and rearranged her toilet, Mr. Wallingford requested Miss Colchester to try the large piano in the parlor of the hotel.

She rose at once to comply with his request, played and sung several pieces, ending with the anthem from the Messiah: "I know that my Redeemer lives."

Before she had concluded, the spacious room was half filled with persons drawn thither by the wonderful powers of her voice.

"Who is she?" "Can she be the new prima donna?" "What passion!" "What expression!" "How wholly she enters into the sentiment of her song!"

These and many other remarks proved that her audience appreciated the music.

One gentleman advanced to Mr. Wallingford, and giving him his card requested an introduction to the lady.

After a moment's hesitation, the Englishman repeated the stranger's request, when Edith rose at once from the piano, and bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I am an ardent lover of music, especially of the human voice divine," remarked Mr. Lawrence; "and I have a particular fancy not often gratified, which is, that I like to be able to distinguish the words of the singer. I congratulate you, Miss Colchester, on your distinct enunciation."

The pretty color came and went on Edith's cheek as she answered frankly:

"I am glad, sir, that I have been able to give you pleasure. I love to sing."

CHAPTER V.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.



THE remainder of the forenoon was passed in visiting the cemetery at Greenwood, and the Navy Yard. After dinner a quiet walk allowed our travellers an opportunity of discussing those high and holy themes, which of all others were now dearest to their hearts. They met again at the tea-table, when Mr. Lawrence introduced his wife and daughter to the strangers, and begged the young lady to exercise her vocal powers in the evening for their entertainment.

With a quick glance at Mr. Wallingford, Edith answered:

“We are going to service in the Trin-

ity Church. If there is time afterward, I will sing with pleasure."

"I'm so glad they like to hear me," exclaimed the young girl when they were on their way to church. "Don't you think I can earn money to support my father?"

"Without a doubt."

"Before I—I mean before I had begun to reflect upon religion, I used to think I would sing in public. I knew I should be frightened at first; but when I have once commenced, I forget everything. I wouldn't be sensible, if the whole world were present. Papa used to laugh, and say a child of his should never go upon the stage."

"You are the last one I should imagine fitted for such a life. I cannot even fancy you standing behind the footlights." He laughed, and Edith joined him.

“But do you really think, Mr. Wallingford, that it is wrong for a lady to use her talents in public, if she have a good motive for doing so. Suppose, for instance, a lady could read tolerably well, do you think it unmaidenly for her to earn money by reading in public?”

“I should feel very sorry to have a sister of mine exposed to such a trial.”

“Oh, I’m sorry you speak so seriously! You are just like papa, who is always affirming that any notoriety and publicity, brushes the bloom from a lady’s cheeks, and destroys the nice delicacy which is the chief ornament of her sex.”

“I entirely agree with Mr. Colchester.”

“Now that’s too bad,” said Edith, half laughing. “I can read quite well; and I love it almost as well as singing. I have had such a nice plan for adding a little to my stock of money. Indeed, Mr.

Wallingford, I think you and papa are quite old fashioned in your notions. How am I to earn a pleasant home for papa unless I attract notice from the public?"

Instead of answering this question, Mr. Wallingford asked another: "Why don't you return to England?"

Edith's lashes drooped over her eyes while her lip quivered like a grieved child.

"It is a sad story of oppression and wrong," she murmured. "I do not like to think of it. Poor mamma sunk under our repeated afflictions; and papa could not endure to stay where—"

She paused, choking back a sob; but presently added: "It is much better to suffer than inflict wrong; and if I can only earn money it will be all right."

Trinity Church has long been noted for the enchanting music which forms an important part of the service.

Mr. Wallingford was greatly interested in watching the beaming face of his companion as the rich, full voices chanted the parts of the service; but when the hymn was given out in which the audience was expected to join, he acknowledged with secret delight that not one of the choir had a voice which in compass or sweetness could compare with hers.

On the way home he said archly, "You are such a money-making maiden, that I will suggest one way in which to help fill your purse."

"Yes, I want to make all the money I can, so please tell me quick."

"I will ask my friend to get you appointed in his choir. I have no doubt each of those ladies receive several hundred dollars a year, for singing God's praise."

"No," exclaimed Edith warmly. "Much as I need money I should feel reluctant to receive pay for worshipping God. I know many good people do it; still I would prefer to render him my service only from a loving heart; but I want to ask you one thing as papa is not here."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you think it wrong for me to sing to-night in the parlor. Do you? I don't know how many will be there."

"Certainly not. If I were invited to sing I might accompany you."

"Oh, I should like that! Do you sing tenor or bass?"

"I suppose modesty would suggest that I reply 'a little of both, or not much of either,' but as I am talking with a confidential friend, I may be pardoned for saying that I can take any part you choose to assign me; but I forget we have no notes."

"I will try to sing whatever you can remember."

"Repeat the words you sung this morning, if you please."

To Edith's surprise she found the parlors full of ladies and gentlemen impatiently awaiting her arrival. Miss Lawrence would scarcely give her time to run to her chamber and smooth her abundant tresses. "You have been away such a long time," she urged, "and papa has prepared us for a rich treat. I have brought all my music to the parlor for your use."

The evening passed so quickly that all were surprised when a neighboring clock struck the hour of eleven.

"Just one more, Miss Colchester," urged Miss Lawrence, and when she hesitated, she said archly, "Mr. Wallingford, plead with her for one more."

"Shall I?" she asked, gazing in his

face as she would have done into her father's.

"If you are not too tired," was his pleased reply.

So she returned to the music stool for one more song, after which she made a motion to retire.

In nothing which he had yet seen was Mr. Wallingford more pleased than by the simple, unaffected manner in which she received the flattering compliments of those present.

"We must thank you, too, for Mr. Wallingford's fine bass," suggested one young girl, glancing archly in the direction of the gentleman.

Yes, I enjoyed his singing exceedingly."

Mr. Wallingford attended her to the door of her room, when seeing that no one was near, he said hurriedly:

"I will not detain you; but can you not

give me a motto to-night? My joy is already overcast, and I am beginning to fear I was deceived in thinking myself accepted of God. Whichever way I turn, my sins stare me in the face."

"Do you love them so well you wish to take them back?"

Unconsciously she seized his hand as she asked the question; and in the dimly lighted hall, he could see that every feature expressed the deepest sympathy.

"No! ah, no!"

"You still wish Christ to be your Saviour and friend. You trust the atonement he has made, and consider it sufficient to cover, even your sins."

"With all my heart and mind I believe that."

"Then I will give you a motto for your comfort. 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ

Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.'"

"Will you not remember me in your prayers?"

"I am a poor, weak, erring girl, and oh, I need prayers so much myself!"

She turned suddenly away to hide the tears she could not suppress, and without another word unlocked the door of her chamber and entered.

The ladies and gentlemen who had lingered in the parlor to talk and wonder about the interesting couple, met Mr. Wallingford on the way back to his room; and wondered still more at the marks of strong emotion on his usually calm face.

The next morning, through the kindness of Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Wallingford obtained a permit to visit the public institutions of the city. They took an early boat to Blackwell's Island, where they visited the

insane asylum, the almshouses, and the prisons; and after a twelve o'clock lunch took a carriage to the asylums for the deaf and dumb, and the blind.

As an Englishman and a stranger the gentleman was extremely interested in the humane mode of conducting these institutions, and expressed his pleasure in the most cordial manner.

During the ride he informed Edith that her motto had been an unspeakable comfort to him—that he spent a long time in searching for it in his pocket-Bible, and then read the whole chapter with profit, as he hoped.

He also told her that he never should forget the faithfulness with which she had pressed him to yield his heart to God, adding, with deep feeling:

“I need not tell you I am a reserved man, naturally so,” he repeated with em-

phasis. "But to one who has been the means of leading me to the cross, I feel constrained to unburden my peculiar trials. I have a mission, Miss Colchester, a sacred mission. I would that it had devolved on one better fitted for it than I. Till the object for which I have come to America, is accomplished, I must not gratify the yearnings of a lonely heart."

"When you think it best, you will tell me about it," rejoined Edith, with a confiding smile. "Of course I would like to know it; especially if I can comfort you, as you have comforted me."

"Sometime, if my life is spared, I will tell you what I think of your last remark. I am going into danger, and perhaps into death. May I not hope you will follow me with your prayers?"

The color faded from the sweet face before him. Edith tried to answer, but could

not trust her voice. She bowed assent, and then, turning toward the window of the carriage, seemed to be wholly absorbed in watching the crowded streets. Fortunately for her, they were just turning into Broadway; and in a few minutes they stopped at the door of the Astor House.

"Will you go to the dining-room before tea?" the gentleman asked. "Your lunch was very light."

"No, sir. I must finish a letter to my father," and she was hurrying away, when he detained her.

"Will you deliver a message for me?"

"Certainly."

"Say to him that I advise you to go to Savannah; that, as a countryman and a fellow Christian, I will protect you till you are comfortably situated in that city, and under the care of loving Christian friends, who will, I have no doubt, advance the object

for which you have left your friends and your home in Montreal."

A flash of pleasure beamed in the young girl's eyes. "My father will thank you," she exclaimed, earnestly.



CHAPTER VI.

DOUBT AND CONFLICT.

T would be pleasant to linger on the passage from New York to Savannah; but I must only sketch a few incidents which occurred, and hasten to more important events.

The first night and the following day were rough; and Edith kept her berth, having no companion but the bronze-colored stewardess, who was more than usually attentive. Edith never dreamed that Mr. Wallingford had paid her for extra service.

On Monday he sent a message to her state-room, urging her to come on deck as the best means of conquering her seasickness; but she hesitated. She had taken

time to reflect on their acquaintance, and though she did not distrust him, she distrusted her own heart.

Ever since their ride in New York, she had been asking herself: "What do I know of Mr. Wallingford's former life, his home and kindred. After he leaves Savannah, I shall probably never see him again. He will accomplish his mission, difficult and even dangerous as it is; for I can see he is a man who will overcome every obstacle in his path, and then return to England. He has been very kind to me; but he might be just as kind to any traveller. I must school my heart in time."

Poor Edith was deeply mortified and self abased when she reflected that she had begun to regard with unusual interest a man, whom for aught she knew, was a husband and father; and in her pride, resolved for the future to be on her guard.

To his repeated invitations, therefore, she returned answer that she was engaged in writing.

Toward night, however, she felt the close confinement so injurious that she allowed the stewardess to help her to the saloon. It was almost deserted, the passengers having gone aft to watch the gorgeous clouds in the western horizon.

The Captain presently passed and stopped to inquire for her health, then politely offered her his arm to follow the other passengers.

The scene was beautiful beyond description. Beneath a canopy of crimson, golden and amber clouds the sun was just fading out of sight, while all the splendor of the glorious coloring was reflected in the water underneath.

"There it's gone!" said Edith, having watched the scene with intense delight.

Her voice startled a gentleman who stood beyond her, and who had not noticed her presence. It was Mr. Wallingford who instantly came to welcome her on deck.

She blushed as she met his piercing eyes fixed full upon hers, and was intensely vexed with herself for betraying such emotion.

"The Captain was kind enough to invite me out," she said by way of remark.

Then the Captain's name was called and delivering his charge into the care of Mr. Wallingford he begged to be excused.

"The stewardess told me you declined leaving your state-room, Miss Colchester."

"I did; but I grew so weary, I used the privilege of a woman to change my mind."

"Will you walk?" he asked, offering his arm.

"My head is scarcely steady enough."

"I think the exercise will do you good."

"He spoke like a man who was accustomed to have his suggestions regarded; and Edith, after a shy glance in his face, allowed him to lead her back and forth across the long deck.

"You have been ill, too," she said, softly.

"Not bodily; and it is no new thing for me to have mental ailments."

"More doubts?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes, doubts, and internal conflicts, reason and affection struggling for mastery; the spirit warring against the flesh."

In one moment Edith forgot all the barriers she had been setting up to guard her poor heart. She forgot everything in her desire to comfort her friend.

"I suppose," she said, "that every Christian since the days of Paul has gone through with similar conflicts. It does seem so wonderful that we, who have all our lives been

bending under a burden of sin, should at once find ourselves free from the load, we can scarcely realize it. I remember, too, only a few days after I hoped my sins had been pardoned, how discouraged I was to find that I still had a wicked heart prompting me to sin. Oh, it is true that in this world we are only partially sanctified, and like Paul when we would do good, evil is present with us! But, Mr. Wallingford, we ought to cling fast to the promise, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you.'"

He remained silent; and Edith glancing in his face, saw that he was absorbed in reflections; and they seemed far from pleasant ones.

"I think I shall have to give you another motto from St. Paul," she added, archly, "would you like it?"

"Yes. Paul would have understood my case better than most men."

“Well, it is this; ‘Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.’”

His countenance brightened. “Thank you,” he said, earnestly; “you are a skilful physician; first you probe the wound and you do it without shrinking; then you apply the balsam. Now you give me a powerful tonic.”

The bell at this moment rang for supper, and Edith consented to take a seat at the table. Here, for the first time since she came on board, she met her fellow-passengers, and was pleased to find there was such an agreeable party. Mr. Wallingford’s gloomy thoughts seemed for the time dispelled, and altogether, our young traveller began to feel that life on ship-board might be very pleasant.

On returning to the saloon, Mr. Wallingford sat down by Edith, but soon discovered

that she was trembling from the night air. He arose instantly to find the stewardess, and send her to Miss Colchester's state room for her shawl.

While he was away, Edith noticed a small book lying on the sofa which must have dropped from his pocket. She picked it up, and looked at the fly-leaf. How painfully her heart beat, when she read the inscription,—“B. Wallingford, a gift of love from his wife.”

She was so occupied in trying to keep down the tide of emotion caused by these simple words, that she did not notice his presence until he spoke; then she threw the book away as if it had stung her.

“He shall never know that I imagined him other than a married man,” was her first resolve. For the rest of the evening, she was gayer than he had ever seen her. She talked about her favorite books, re-

called and repeated scenes which had interested her, laughing gayly at the officious care of the stewardess who came repeatedly to look after her late charge; and at last when singing was proposed was the first to rise and approach near the group around the piano.

Her eager, beautiful countenance, and soul-lit orbs, attracted attention from more than one; and at last she confessed that she could sing. At another time she would have shrunk from the publicity of the place; but now her whole aim was to show Mr. Wallingford that she was perfectly happy. She took her seat at the piano, where she played and sung several lively airs to the delight of her hearers.

"I beg you not to exert yourself any more, Miss Colchester," urged Mr. Wallingford, bending over her. "You must be weary after your recent illness."

She rose at once, and accepted his arm to the door of the state-room, then with a quivering lip, thanked him for his care, and bade him good-night.

Tuesday was rainy; and she did not leave her state-room. During the day the stewardess conveyed many kind messages to her from her anxious friend, urging his wish to do something for her comfort; but she returned answer that her head ached, and rest always proved the best remedy.

On Wednesday morning they hoped to land early enough to breakfast in Savannah. Edith had slept but little. Still she dressed herself, packing her carpet-bag, and making ready to go on shore. It was now thirty-six hours since she parted from Mr. Wallingford; quite long enough, she argued, to conquer any secret disappointment in regard to one so lately a stranger.

Wrapping her shawl around her, she

went on deck, and seated herself near the stern of the boat. There was no appearance of land, unless a low dark line on the right should prove to be the shore.

Her thoughts were sad; and the feeling was reflected on her expressive features, when she was startled by a voice close behind her.

"You are early this morning, Miss Colchester."

The words were common-place; but there was a tenderness in the tone, a soft light beaming from the piercing eyes, which roused her indignation.

"He has no right to look at me in that way," was her instant reflection, as she quickly turned away to hide the provoking blush.

He took a seat by her, and opening the small volume to which I have alluded asked her whether she was an admirer of Pollock.

"Not particularly," was her cool reply.

He arose and began to walk the deck, still keeping his precious volume in sight. At last the cloud settling on his face cleared away; and he returned to his seat.

"It was a keen disappointment to me that you were so ill yesterday," he said. "I met with an adventure; and I longed to explain it to you. I found a gentleman on board whom I was on my way to consult about the business to which I have referred. He is a Jesuit priest, who can, and I trust will give me information in regard to the mission which brought me to this country."

For one moment Edith forgot her indignation. Though she did not speak, her eyes expressed the interest his words excited. Perhaps it was this circumstance which gave him courage to add, with deep emotion :

"Miss Colchester, I am a lonely man. I told you I was on my way to visit my mother. For twenty years she has been to me like one buried in the grave. Beside her, I have not one near relative. Your faithfulness has formed a tie between us which death itself cannot sever. Will you trust me a little longer, be my adviser and friend?"

She gave him her hand. "Yes, I will trust you," she said, warmly.

Before nine o'clock the passengers, dressed for landing, came crowding upon the deck. The bell rang, and the Captain invited all who wished, to breakfast on the steamer. Our friends were soon seated at the table, "the last perhaps," Edith said to herself, "that we shall take together."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S STORY.



ONCE on shore, they drove directly to the hotel; and then Mr. Wallingford started off in search of his friend.

Two years previous to this time, Mr. Cahill, an Irish gentleman from the South, spent a winter with his wife in Rome; and here Mr. Wallingford made their acquaintance. An occasional correspondence had since been carried on, the latest news from the clergyman showing that he had been invited to a church in Savannah, and was now pleasantly situated in that city.

Our traveller readily learned the street and number of Mr. Cahill's residence, and

was soon received by his old friends, with all the warmth for which the Southerners are so deservedly distinguished.

Mrs. Cahill and her two daughters listened to the story of Edith with flattering attention, and insisted that both she and Mr. Wallingford should remove their baggage instantly to the Rectory.

"If she is half as accomplished as you described," replied Mr. Cahill, laughing, "I can get her a situation as organist, in our choir, which as late as Monday evening was vacant. That will insure her six or seven hundred dollars. I will see the gentlemen appointed to select an organist, and beg them to delay until they have met your friend."

"I have heard her express reluctance to receive pay for such services; but I think she might be prevailed upon to accept," returned Mr. Wallingford.

"It would give me great pleasure to be introduced to a lady whom Mr. Wallingford pronounces so charming," exclaimed Mrs. Cahill, addressing her husband. "He gained the character of extreme fastidiousness among the English ladies in Rome."

"I only ask you to *welcome* Miss Colchester as my friend," remarked the visitor, smiling. "I am sure you will wish to retain her friendship on your own account."

"Hurry then and bring this marvel of perfection to us," laughed the lady, following Mr. Wallingford to the door.

The gentleman found his travelling companion in the parlor of the hotel engaged in an earnest discussion with a stranger. On advancing nearer he found it was Father Rush the Jesuit who had agreed to meet him soon after they went on shore.

"I came to say that it will be impossible for me to accompany you on your tour

till after the Sabbath," explained the Father. "I was inquiring for you at the bar; and this lady, who was passing through the hall, told me you would soon be here."

"Where shall I call upon you, sir?"

"I shall put up at the Bishop's in—— Street."

"Would it forward my object to send a copy of Father McCroix's letter to Father Creeny, and apprise him of our intended visit.?"

"Yes. Direct to him at St. Louis."

Mrs. Cahill received our young traveller with the affection of a mother. She was a woman of portly presence, lively manners and a large heart.

Her husband, after scanning the young lady's features at the same time that he was carrying on a conversation with Mr. Wallingford, abruptly left the gentleman and put his daughter Nora's hand in Edith's.

"I present to you your first music scholar," he said, gayly; and if you can persuade Georgianna to keep quiet long enough, you may teach her too."

"It is very kind for you to promise me your patronage," returned Edith, blushing deeply, "certainly until you have convinced yourself of my skill."

"Don't give him too much credit," cried Mrs. Cahill, laughing, as she patted Edith's hand. "We know Mr. Wallingford's nice ear too well to imagine he would bestow the high encomiums which he has given you unless you richly deserved them."

At that moment Edith called to mind the fact, that he had never in her presence uttered one word of praise of her singing. She was greatly vexed with herself for glancing at him, and still more that she could not meet his eye without blushes burning her cheek.

Mr. Wallingford dined with his old friends, and passed an hour or two after dinner in Mr. Cahill's study. When they returned to the parlor, he invited Edith to accompany him out on business.

Though wondering what the business could be, she readily complied, when he instantly explained:

"I have ascertained that there will be no difficulty in obtaining scholars enough to support your father in a comfortable manner. The applicant for organist in Mr. Cahill's church does not give entire satisfaction to the committee; and at my friend's request they invite you to play, and sing for them next Sabbath. How would you like to send on for your father to come at once?"

"Oh, Mr. Wallingford!" Edith clasped her hands in delight.

"I see my plan would be a good one.

Will he be able to start soon after your summons?"

"We have hired a furnished house; and Warner could underlet it I have no doubt."

"That is settled then."

Tears of gratitude and joy streamed from Edith's eyes; but suddenly her countenance changed.

"I'm afraid after all," she faltered, "that I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Papa insisted I should take every dollar I had earned for the expenses of my journey."

"Is that all the trouble?"

"Yes, sir; but that is insurmountable. I must wait until I have earned a hundred dollars at least."

"Miss Colchester, my faithful friend, my benefactress, will you consent to accept a loan from me?" He placed her own purse

in her hand; but finding it was much heavier than when she gave it to his charge, she would not take it.

"I cannot," she murmured, drawing up her form to its full height. "I should lose my own self-respect, were I to accept money from a —"

"Don't say stranger," he exclaimed, interrupting her. "You forget what your faithful exhortations have done for me. You have laid me under obligations which no wealth can ever pay. It would gratify me more than I can express, if you will allow me to advance sufficient for your father's journey."

But Edith steadily declined, though she softened the refusal by saying, it was a principle with her not to run in debt.

Mr. Wallingford took no pains to conceal his disappointment, but after walking in silence a few minutes he said:

"I must wait then till I can explain myself more fully. Edith, will you listen to a sad tale?"

He had never addressed her so familiarly before, and she was embarrassed to such a degree she could scarcely reply.

"Until six months ago," he began, plunging at once into the subject, "I believed myself to be an orphan. On attaining my twenty-fifth birthday, I became legal heir of some property my father left me; with his will I found a paper addressed to me, containing some startling facts concerning myself. I learned then that I had a mother, an Indian princess, daughter of the Pawnee chief Letelesha, and sister to the distinguished brave Petalesharoo. My mother, whose Indian name is Leclinau, was married to my father by Father Creeny, a Romish Priest, and lived happily with him until I had entered my fourth year. At that time

he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father and older brother, the Brooks Wallingford for whom I was named, and who was the owner of the volume of Pollock you have seen me read. Owing to the unwillingness of the chief Letelesha to part with his daughter, and also her own reluctance to leave him, my father was constrained to leave her and my infant sister Iona with her tribe, which he did with promises of a speedy return.

“At that time my father was not a Christian in the strictest sense of the word. From his letters he appears to have been passionately attached to this beautiful princess, who was at the same time the pride of her father and the boast of the Pawnee tribe. On his return to England he found himself the owner of a large and valuable estate descending to him the youngest son, on the decease of

the other heirs; and it was impossible for him to return to America as soon as he wished.

"Finding this to be the case, he made a confidant of a faithful servant who had been in the family thirty years, and sent him to the Indian Territory, where, near the river Platte, the Pawnees have their settlement.

"Rogers performed the mission, had repeated interviews with my mother, but found unhappily that her aversion to change of residence had not diminished. She wept and plead that her boy Blackbird, which was the name she had given me, should be sent back to her. Petalesharoo, the brave, also promised that after his father's death I should become chief of the tribe. Rogers was at last compelled to return to England alone, and, not only so, but Leelinau sent word, she would never renounce her

Indian life, and that if he could not return to the Pawnees, her husband might give her back her son; and she would ask the Great Spirit to make her content.

“Rogers made arrangements with a priest, Father Creeny, who was laboring to christianize the Pawnees, to send her letters and money from England; and through the Priest my father at long intervals heard from his beloved wife.

“In 18— my father embarked for America, leaving me at Eton. He thought it more probable that she would accompany him back to England, if she had the hope of seeing her son. In any case he had resolved that I should never return permanently to live with my mother’s tribe.

“On his voyage home he died, and all his letters were lost, so that the result of his journey was never known except that his wife did not accompany him.

“Before he embarked he made a will bequeathing me all his estates in England, and committing to my care funds for the support of my mother. These funds were to come into my legal possession on my attaining my twenty-fifth year, and in the mean time should my father die, my guardian was enjoined to send yearly a large sum of money to Father Creeny, who was the agent appointed by my father to receive it for Leelinau.

“It is now eighteen years since my father left England; and I am about to fulfil his last wishes, visit my mother, and if she is not already a Christian, try to secure her conversion.”



CHAPTER VIII.

EDITH'S SINGING.

T is impossible to describe the intense interest with which Edith listened to this account. Unconsciously she stopped, and gazed in her companion's face.

"Oh, I hope you will find her!"

The tones of her voice, the changing expression of her glowing countenance, gave added fervor to her words.

"Leelinau means, *my dear life*," remarked Mr. Wallingford, smiling.

"And you are Blackbird?" exclaimed Edith, her cheeks dimpling with mirth. "How very strange! I thank you so much for telling me."

"My one, only confidant!" He glanced at her earnestly, but the long lashes proved an effectual shield to her soul-speaking eyes.

"Does it not seem as if a kind Providence were aiding me?" he asked, "to lead me into direct communication with Father Rush. I had letters to him from England as one from whom I could gain information respecting Father Creeny, who, we learn, has been removed from the Pawnees, and on that account has not been heard from for three years."

"Then you cannot be sure that your mother is still living?" suggested Edith, with deep feeling.

"No; but she was at the last account. I shall start on Monday for St. Louis in company with Father Rush; and if I can find Father Creeny, I hope to prevail on him to visit the Pawnees with me."

“What a meeting it will be!” Edith’s excitement found vent in a burst of tears.

Mr. Wallingford seized her hand, but dropped it suddenly with great embarrassment.

“I have made a vow, Miss Colchester, to give all my strength and energies to the work my father left me. I feel that it has been too long delayed, and that it would have been better, far better, for me to seek my mother instantly after leaving Oxford rather than to spend two years in travelling over the continent; but I was not then aware that I had a mother living.

“If I succeed in the object of my journey; if God graciously blesses my mission, whether it be at the end of six months or six years, then I shall be free to consult my own wishes. May I count on your kindness and sympathy then?”

"Six years!" How painfully those words echoed in Edith's heart. "*Six years!*" How much might occur before the end of that period. She was not conscious that the color had faded from her cheeks, nor that her companion was regarding her with the deepest solicitude. She scarcely heard or heeded his last words, but, with an effort to command her voice, inquired:

"Will there be danger? I mean will the Pawnees receive you kindly?"

"I am one of themselves," murmured the gentleman. "I do not think they will attempt violence. If my mother is living, I imagine the chief difficulty will be in leaving the tribe."

By this time our friends had taken a wide circuit, and now found themselves near the Rector's door. Mr. Wallingford detained Edith one moment to say:

"As your pride or self-respect, as you

flatteringly term it, prevented your acceptance of a small sum from a friend, I shall feel safe in leaving you with Mrs. Cahill. She is a noble woman who will love you like a child, otherwise I should have been pleased to know that you were pleasantly established in a home of your own, with your father and my friend Warner to protect you."

"I thank you, Mr. Wallingford," was Edith's blushing reply. "I can not tell you how much I thank you, but I am ashamed to intrude my little cares upon you when you have so many of your own."

"There they are!" exclaimed Nora Cahill, running to open the door. "We were afraid you had lost your way."

Mrs. Cahill glanced significantly at her husband when the friends entered. The subject of their conversation had been far

from trifling; and they both bore the marks of deep feeling.

To confess the truth Mrs. Cahill, though one of the best of women, was something of a match-maker. While in Rome she had considered Mr. Wallingford past hope, so entirely did he ignore the charms of all the fair ladies brought to his notice. With her native shrewdness she was not an hour in the presence of the travellers without perceiving that the gentleman was more than usually interested in his charge; that he watched every change of expression in her soul-speaking face, and listened almost with reverence to the tones of her voice.

Unaware of the strong tie of Christian love which bound them together, of course she attributed Edith's varying color, the quick drooping of the heavy eye-lashes, the start of pleasure when addressed by

Mr. Wallingford, to the knowledge that she was beloved, and was not averse to giving her heart in return.

"Are you rested enough to sing one piece?" asked Georgianna, as merry a piece of humanity as one often sees.

"Oh, yes! I'm seldom too tired to play and sing."

Mr. Wallingford sprang from his seat to lead her to the piano. But she declined his arm, saying:

"I feel already quite at home here."

"How queer," laughed Georgey, half aloud.

"What is queer?" asked her mother.

"I thought we should have to tease Miss Wallingford."

"My name is Colchester, or Edith I should like better," interposed our friend, with a vivid blush.

"Now Miss Edith you have spoiled my

fun. I have been spending my time since you were away in composing a nice speech urging you to sing. I thought you would plead that you had a cold, that your head ached, in order to be teased; that is the fashionable style in Savannah."

They all laughed, and Edith, why she could not explain, caught the merry Miss by the arm, and gave her a warm kiss.

"You're a dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Cahill, patting Edith's shoulder. "We shall not let you leave us in a hurry."

Mr. Wallingford arose and walked to the window. Even to friends as beloved as these, he could not endure to exhibit the emotion which Edith's impassioned singing inspired. She ran her fingers over the keys, and then threw her whole heart into Eve's plaintive cry,

"Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?"

The effect was electrical. Mr. Cahill, who

had thrown himself into a chair to enjoy the treat, started up, and stood immovable, where he could catch every sound. His wife hid her face in her handkerchief, and wept, while the two daughters held their breath to listen, until, when the singer reached the plaintive wail:

“O flowers

That never will in other climate grow

My early visitation and my last

At eve; which I bred up with tender hand

From the first opening bud, and gave ye names.

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank

Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?”

Georgey, wholly overcome, rushed from the room, and sat, sobbing, on the stairs.

It seemed to the listeners as if, in vision rapt, they could see —

“The Son of God

In pity lest in some rash hour they dare,

Fall'n as they were, to touch the tree of life,

And thus (disastrous victory) achieve
An immortality in mortal sin,
Drive them before Ilm, weeping as they went,
Forth from that happy garden, through its walks
Of fruit-trees, by its crystal rivulets,
And past its countless bowers of blossoming shade,
To Eden's distant gates."



CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW ORGANIST.



WHEN Edith had finished, she arose and left the room. It was impossible for her not to feel, keenly feel, the passionate utterances to which her rich, full voice had given expression. Indeed Edith's singing could not have touched other hearts as it did unless the emotion had emanated from her own. For the time she felt herself to be the saddest woman whose name is chronicled upon the page of time. Eve,—weak, sinful, credulous, loving Eve,—who had bartered, the favor of God, the society of the sons of God, who had sung their morning song in Paradise, the happiness of a world—for what? for

an apple—and for her sin she was condemned forever to leave the delights of Eden,—to feel the gnawings of unavailing regret,—to witness, among those she loved, the saddest of all sights, a son lying stark and cold in death in consequence of her disobedience.

“Wonderful! wonderful!!” exclaimed Mr. Cahill seating himself, and wiping big drops of perspiration from his forehead. “Wonderful! I never before realized what a power there is in the human voice. Wallingford, you left the half untold; and yet I suspected you of extravagance.”

Neither Mrs. Cahill nor Nora spoke. The daughter, sitting near her mother, hid her tears on the lady’s shoulder.

All were oppressed with a sadness which they could not shake off; Mr. Wallingford recalled to mind what Edith had said about singing in public, saying to himself: “What

crowds she would call around her by the exercise of her powers!" In imagination he drew a melancholy picture of her future, when he was living with savages; and she in the effort to provide for her father should be tempted into public life. "Oh," he asked himself, "why can I not free myself from my vow!"

Happily the tea-bell recalled him from his painful reveries to present realities.

Edith came from her chamber to the supper-room with a calm, elevated brow. Hanging on her arm, trying to hide her swollen eyes, came Georgey, her merriment for the time effectually checked.

After tea company came in, and Edith sang again, accompanied by Mr. Wallingford. The fame of the new organist was spreading rapidly.

Mr. Wallingford left at an early hour for his room at the hotel. There was quite a

struggle in his breast as he walked through the squares. On one side he was rejoiced that Edith had won friends for herself,—that, aside from her wonderful powers as a musician, her beauty, her sweet, modest grace, her Christian humility, and meekness which shone so conspicuously in every action, the dignity which repelled undue familiarity, all this, united to her warm, loving heart, would render her society sought as an ornament to the most refined circles.

On the other hand there was one bitter, perhaps selfish reflection:

“She is independent now of my care, and will be happy when I am far away. O Edith! O Leelinau! my unknown mother, how much I sacrifice for you!”

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, passed all too quickly. On Friday evening Mrs. Cahill invited a select circle of friends to meet the strangers. When they went away

the question, "Who is to be our organist?" was settled, at least in the minds of the Committee.

In the meantime very suspicious movements were noticed by Mrs. Cahill and her daughters. Mr. Wallingford and the rector were absent hours at a time; and when they returned condescended no explanation to the inquisitive.

It was decided that for the present, certainly until her father joined her, Edith should have a home in the family of the rector; paying her expenses of board, etc., by her instructions of Nora and her lively sister.

This arrangement was a happy one for both parties, and Mrs. Cahill congratulated herself upon having so distinguished a stranger under her roof, and committed to her care.

"Yes, Mr. Wallingford," she exclaimed,

when he had been expressing his wish that all should be done to make Edith happy. "Yes, I'm not quite blind, though I say nothing, I see how it is; and I'll keep her safe till you return from your travels." She had not an inkling of the object of his journey, though she often playfully remarked in his absence, that he bore himself like an Indian chief.

"Remember," he urged, "that I persuaded her to come to Savannah, when she was on her way to New Orleans. I was quite sure you would take her to your heart. But you will acknowledge that I am in a degree responsible for her success."

Before Saturday night, Miss Colchester had the promise of seven pupils, which, including the salary of the organist, convinced her that it would be safe to send for her father. Indeed she almost regretted that she had refused Mr. Wallingford's

loan. The gentleman still retained her purse, and she was reluctant to ask him for it after what had occurred. She wrote in exuberant spirits to Montreal, minutely detailing the incidents of her journey, the kindness, and respectful care of Mr. Wallingford, and the hospitable warmth of Mrs. Cahill's reception to her fireside. She ended by saying:

"Dear father. Hold yourself ready to come whenever I send for you, which I shall do as soon as I have money to pay your travelling expenses. In our pleasant Southern home we will forget the trials of the past."

This letter when superscribed, Edith requested Mr. Cahill to post with his own. She was somewhat at a loss to account for the eagerness with which he undertook the commission, or for the significant glance passing between him and Mr. Wallingford.

"Mamma," cried Georgianna, running in from the street an hour later. "Did you know the pretty house at the corner of our street is rented? The advertisement is taken from the windows; and the women are at work getting it ready for the furniture."

"No, my dear," answered her mother, somewhat excited. "Did you hear the name of the new occupant?"

"No, mamma; but I'll find out this afternoon."

"You're a veritable daughter of Eve, Georgey," remarked her father, looking up from his paper.

On the next Sabbath the new organist acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of her friends. After this one trial there was no question of her success.

"Such a voice, to say nothing of her skill as a pianist, would make a fortune for

any one," suggested one of the Committee. "We must make our terms with her so liberal that she will remain content."

On Sabbath evening Edith was looking over an illuminated copy of Pilgrim's Progress which she had taken from the table, when Mrs. Cahill requested her to read aloud for the benefit of the company.

"I like to read," said the young girl, with artless warmth; "but will it not disturb the others? "

"We usually devote our Sabbath evenings to reading and sacred music," remarked Mr. Cahill. "If you read half as well as you sing, I shall be delighted to listen."

"And," added Mr. Wallingford, smiling, "you will be redeeming a promise you once made to me. Let me see, I was to judge whether it was expedient for you to give public readings."

"Thanks to you and our kind friends here, there will probably be no need of my resorting to a course so distasteful to my father," urged the young girl, with changing color.

"Would it not be distasteful to yourself?" asked Mrs. Cahill, in surprise.

"I am afraid I shall fall in your opinion when I confess that were the necessity urgent I would not mind it. To be sure the criticism, etc., would be unpleasant; but when once accustomed to the sound of my own voice in a strange place, I forget myself entirely."

"I can testify that you thought yourself Eve the other day," remarked the rector, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I can't imagine anything that would tempt me to listen to her wails again."

"Oh, pa!" exclaimed his wife. "What will Edith think of you?"

"That my frankness is to be imitated. Do you not agree with me, Wallingford?"

He laughed as he answered, "Without doubt; but we are losing the reading."

He approached the table and taking the book from Edith's hand selected a portion which he gave her. It was the arrival of Christian at the palace called Beautiful, and his talk with the three virgins,—Prudence, Piety and Charity.

Edith read well even when she knew critics were ready to pronounce upon her with severity. She read freely, forgetting her own identity; and she gave herself up for the hour to the subject before her.

She was herself an actor in the scene; and there were both power and pathos in her rendering.

Even the change in her countenance was wonderful, personifying each character

as she read: First, Christian, triumphant at having passed the lions in safety, meekly recounting to Piety what the Lord had done for him.

"I saw One, as I thought in my mind, hanging, bleeding upon a tree; and the very sight of him made my burden fall off my back; for I groaned under a very heavy burden; but then it fell down from off me."

Then the pertinent questions of the virgins, leading the pilgrim to recount more fully the incidents of his journey Zionward. As Edith read, she threw her whole soul into the feelings of the speaker. The effect was wonderful.

"I wish I could read like that," said the Rector, humbly, "Miss Edith, who was your teacher?"

"My father, sir. He used to drill me when I was only five years old. First,

he explained the meaning of the passage when it was obscure, and then read it himself. It was my delight even then to try and imitate the mellow, changing tones of his voice. I'm so sorry," addressing Mr. Wallingford, "that you did not see my father."

"I still hope to have that pleasure, Miss Colchester, before I return to England."

The company did not separate until a late hour, for Mr. Wallingford was to leave in the morning, and the parting (poor Edith hoped no one suspected what the parting was to her) must take place now.

Mrs. Cahill tried to make her husband understand that the lovers, for such she persisted, in spite of Edith's remonstrances to call them, must be left by themselves; but all her hints and winks were disregarded; and she was planning a retreat when

Mr. Wallingford frankly requested a few moments' private conversation with Miss Colchester before he took his departure from the house



CHAPTER X.

THE SEPARATION.

BUT when Mr. Wallingford found himself alone with Edith, he could not find voice to utter one word.

She was the first to rally: "I suppose you will write Mr. Cahill?" she said frankly.

"Yes, unless you will permit me to address my notes directly to you. I have allowed myself to hope that you would continue to be my friend and adviser. I know not what trials or temptations I may have to encounter; but I do know that it would be a source of the greatest comfort to be allowed to report my progress to you, and ask your sympathy. I do not forget that I have just commenced the pilgrim's journey, nor the

efficient assistance you rendered me when I was in the slough of Despond."

"I shall be very glad to hear from you," Edith answered, her soft brown eyes kindling with pleasure. "I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Wallingford."

He made a quick gesture of impatience. "Mere selfishness, Edith. Your pride prevented my sending for your father; but Mr. Cahill has promised to befriend you; and you must give me your word, I have a right to that by the obligation, I am under to you, that you will not allow your pride to interfere there. Accept aid from him as you would from your father, and do not keep me ignorant of anything that concerns you. Do you promise?"

He looked in her face not tenderly, but almost in a defiant manner, as if he would say, "you dare not refuse," and found it difficult to control his feelings.

"I promise," she murmured, her lip quivering. "Oh, Mr. Wallingford! It seems to me that now for the first time, I realize what a different thing it would have been for me to travel two thousand miles alone. It was a kind Providence that led you to address me in the Montreal Station."

"It was an event for which I certainly shall never cease to be thankful, Edith; you see how readily the name falls from my lips, Edith," lingering on the word. "Can't you give me a motto?"

She drew the little book from her pocket, and put it into his hands. "May it comfort you as it has comforted me."

"Thank you," he said, raising it to his lips, "but give me one beside."

She paused a moment in thought, then repeated these words:

"In all thy ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct thy paths."

"Thank you. For me nothing could be more appropriate."

He extended his hand, and she laid hers within it. Not a word was spoken on either side. In another moment the door had closed behind him.



CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW HOME.

T was of no use for Edith to deny that an engagement of marriage or something that implied an engagement, existed between her and their late guest; her pallid cheeks and drooping eyelids proved that there was more than friendship between them, and also her deep sorrow at the separation.

The young girl at last confided to Mr. Cahill the circumstances connected with Mr. Wallingford's conversion.

"He told my husband that for months his mind had been tortured with fears and doubts," returned the lady. "He hinted at some work he had promised to under-

take; but his unfitness for it made him a prey to the most gloomy forebodings. Do you know what first made him interested in you, and a believer in the sincerity of your religion?"

"No."

"It was observing the comfort, you derived from a passage of Scripture when you were bowed down with sorrow. He read it over your shoulder. 'Let not your heart be troubled.' He said you received it as if you had heard it addressed to you, directly from the Saviour's lips; and then he first realized the intimate relation existing between Christ and his disciples."

Two, three weeks passed before Edith received an answer to her letter from her father. She had begun to feel anxious lest some calamity had befallen him, when Mr. Cahill put into her hands a letter and sat down to watch her read it.

The first date was the day after she left home. It was written in a journal of daily events. Eagerly she turned to the bottom of the page for the last news, when the watcher saw her eyes open wide, and her lips part in astonishment.

"I don't understand what he means."

"I must leave you, my daughter, to express my thanks to your friends. I cannot find words to do so. Our good physician tells me that another winter here, after my late attack of pneumonia, would be hazardous in the extreme. By this we may learn how safe it is to trust our Lord. Warner has obtained permission of our landlord to give up our lease. Providence permitting, we shall therefore, start the last week in October, reaching New York by the shorter route as your friend advises, so as to be ready for the steamer which sails on Saturday, the twenty-fifth instant.'"

Edith let the journal drop from her hands, and buried her face to hide her tears.

"Father has been sick, and I away; but now I shall see him again. I cannot realize the happiness in store for me. Mr. Cahill, what can I say to you? Did you write my father?"

"I never allow my daughters to pry into my secrets," he answered evasively, laughing as he spoke. "I will say this, however, the news is not entirely unexpected, and as our friends will be here next week, it is time we were looking up a house."

"Yes, sir, or a few rooms; but I must run and tell Mrs. Cahill my good news, and then read my long letter. I hope I'm not dreaming all this time."

It was now that the secret came out, the mysterious walks, the whispered con-

ferences between Mr. Wallingford and his host. In anticipation of Mr. Colchester's arrival, a house near by had been hired by Mr. Cahill, and the upholsterers were still at work fitting it up for its new occupants.

"It is very easy to guess whose purse has been employed," remarked Mrs. Cahill, glancing curiously, and rather indignantly in her husband's face. "I give you the credit, my dear, of having the heart to do all this; but unfortunately your means are too limited to afford such a luxury. Still I must say it would have been more like a good husband, had you confided in me."

"It was not my own secret, Mrs. Cahill; and I will acknowledge that it was a great trial for me to keep it from you."

"Did the gentleman confide to you the state of his affections?" she asked, resolving to sift the matter to the bottom.

"Not a word on the subject."

"Well, my dear, all I have to say is, that it is very strange altogether, and if she were a daughter of mine —"

At this moment Edith and Nora walked into the room, having just returned from the new house.

"There is so much I ought to say that I cannot utter a word," faltered Edith, sinking into the nearest chair. "How have I deserved such generous kindness?"

To Mrs. Cahill's astonishment, her husband appropriated these remarks to himself.

"I feel sure, I shall get my pay," he said, laughing.

She gazed in his flushed face with wifely indignation, and then exclaimed:

"Edith Colchester, I am not bound to keep anybody's secret, though it would have been better perhaps for somebody to

confide in me. You need not thank us, though we are as glad to have your father settled near us, as anybody can be."

Georgey came dancing into the room, having peeped through the crack of the door, and heard the last remark.

"'Twas Mr. Wallingford, I'm sure of it, I saw him one day coming out of the house at the corner. Oh, nobody can cheat me!"

Of all present, Edith was the only one who made no remark on this. What could she say?

The arrival of the steamer was the event now talked of and longed for. Edith remembered her promise to Mr. Wallingford at parting, and resolved to accept his kindness in the same spirit it was offered. She resolved, therefore, to receive her father in the house made ready for her use, and on Tuesday night took posses-

sion of the premises, Mrs. Cahill having hired for her a stout colored woman as cook.

The meeting between father and child was deeply affecting, especially as during his late attack of pneumonia, he had given up the hope of seeing her again in this world. There was but one thing to mar their enjoyment. The long journey had prostrated the old man's strength; and Edith felt a cold grip at her heart as she gazed upon his pale features, and his emaciated form, and realized that he was still far from well.

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cahill came to welcome the stranger, but found him lying on the sofa greatly exhausted. and therefore, made a brief call.

A week's rest, however, united to Edith's care, and a tonic prescribed by the skilful physician, produced a marked change

for the better, so that Edith went once more about house with a bright smile, singing as she went.



CHAPTER XII.

WALLINGFORD'S LETTER.



HERE were many causes to make Edith contented. She had as many pupils as she could attend to; her services in the choir were increasingly popular; and she had received a long letter from her absent friend, which I shall take the liberty to copy entire.

“I take it for granted, dear Edith, that you will allow me to relate every particular connected with my mission. On reaching St. Louis in company with Father Rush, I found that Father Creeny was under censure in the Church for too great liberality of sentiments. His parish had been taken from him; and he had sudden-

ly disappeared some months ago. As I had resolved not to make a confidant of Father Rush, I had no other course than to proceed at once up the Missouri as far as Platte River, between which and the Kansas lies the settlement of the Pawnees.

“Everything seemed novel and strange to me until I saw upon the banks of the Missouri the tents of the Otoes, a tribe near the Pawnees, when a rush of childish memories swept over me of my early life amid such scenes. I was once more an Indian pappoose dressed in fine cloth ornamented with wampum and feathers. I saw again a large wigwam with skin doors, inside of which on a mat of bear-skin sat a beautiful lady. She was weeping bitterly while before her stood a boy whom she alternately pressed to her bosom and pushed from her sight. The lady

was Leelinau, the Indian princess, my mother; the boy was Blackbird, myself.

“As you may suppose this tide of memories was unexpected and overwhelming. They drew my heart to my unknown mother with an inexpressible longing. ‘Will she recognize me?’ was a question I often asked myself, and which I tried in vain to answer. ‘Will her affection for me lead her to leave her home, renounce the nomadic life she had always enjoyed, and be happy where conventionalities superabound?’ Neither could I satisfactorily answer this question.

In the midst of my surmisings, I recognized the possibility of her decease; and oh, how my heart sank within me as I feared, if such were the case, that she had died without the knowledge of a Saviour's love! This idea was so distressing that I found no relief except in prayer.

“At length we approached the place where I must quit the steamer, and take passage in a smaller craft to carry me directly to the Pawnee settlement. This was not easily accomplished; but after a delay of twenty-four hours, I succeeded, in company with an educated Indian waiting to return to his tribe, in chartering a boat to take us to the eastern boundary of the territory. There the Indian assured me, we should find canoes in which we could be conveyed to our destination.

“I wish I could give a description of the scenery, so unlike anything in England. For miles together there was no sign of life; and then we suddenly emerged into the region of a vast plain dotted as far as eye could reach with lodges where the Indians reside.

The view recalled some beautiful lines which so aptly describe it, I will copy them:

"And at my side there lay a vale
Replete with little glens, where oft,
The Indian wigwam rose, and little fields
Of waving corn displayed their tasselled heads;
A stream ran through the vale, and on its marge
There grew wild rice, and bending alders dipped
Into the tide ; and on the rising heights
The ever-verdant pine laughed in the breeze.
I turned around, to gaze upon the scenes
More perfectly, and there beheld a man
Tall and erect, with feathers on his head,
And air and step majestic ; in his hands
Held he a bow and arrows, and he would have passed
Intent on other scenes, but that I spake to him."

"You can easily imagine the interest with which I regarded the slightest incidents, as giving a clew to my own relatives.

"Yes, I watched the men lounging about the doors of the wigwams, puffing the smoke of their pipes through their lips ; or returning with their pouches of game from the hunt, and reflected that my

grandfather might once have been similarly employed.

"I saw middle-aged and youthful squaws dressing deer-skins, or performing other menial offices, and shivered as I recollected that Leelinau might resemble them.

"Engrossed by my own thoughts I scarcely noticed my companion, who sat at the other end of the boat, gazing silently into the water. At length I found my reflections so bitter that I resolved to turn from them. I therefore addressed the Indian Chief which was not so easy a performance as one might suppose.

"He was past the prime of life, grave and taciturn, dressed in the costume of his countrymen, with earrings and rows of beads falling across his naked bosom. On his lower limbs he wore cloth leggins, tastefully ornamented with beads and small feathers. His feet were cased in richly wrought

moccasins of elk-skin. Around his body was wrapped a blanket gracefully folded across his breast. But the most singular part of his attire was the cap or crown of eagle feathers which adorned his head, and fell half way down his back.

"I knew my companion could speak English; and I therefore asked:

"Shall we reach the Pawnee settlement to-night?"

He fixed his full, black eye on me for an instant before he deigned to reply, and then answered briefly:

"When the queen of night rises over the hills you will be in the lodge."

"Will it be easy for me to procure an interview with the Chief? I have business with him, business of importance."

"Once more he fixed upon me a stern, unfaltering gaze, but at length he answered.

“ ‘To-morrow at midday the Chief will receive you.’

“I was obliged to content myself with this promise, for my companion turned decidedly away; and I would not again intrude on his silence.

“Before we separated, there had grown upon me a strange, unaccountable yearning toward this grave, reticent man; and I could gladly have acknowledged kindredship with him.

“As we approached our destination, I several times found my companion’s eyes fixed on me; but not a muscle of his stolid face relaxed; nor did he give the slightest evidence of curiosity.

“We had scarcely touched the shore when he sprang from the boat, and walked rapidly away. I had supposed he intended to accompany me to the settlement. Presently, however, an Indian launched

his canoe, and beckoned me to follow him. I tried to make him understand where I wanted to go, but could not be sure whether he comprehended me; and at length, fastening the canoe to a stake, he ran off, as I afterward found, for an interpreter.

“He came back accompanied by an aged man dressed in the garb of a priest, who accosted me in my own language:

“‘I am on my way to visit Letelesha the Pawnee Chief,’ I explained, ‘I want to hire an Indian to row me there.’

“He clasped his hands and raised his eyes to heaven:

“‘Letelesha, the brave, has gone to the land of spirits.’

“My countenance must have expressed something of my sorrow at this intelligence, for he instantly laid his hand on my arm with the tenderness of a father.

“‘Is Petalesharoo now chief?’” was my next inquiry.

“‘Yes, a brave, worthy chief.’

“‘Where shall I find him?’

“‘I met him but now; he has been to St. Louis on business with the government.’

It instantly occurred to me that it was the Chief himself who had promised me an interview to-morrow at midday, and I repeated my surmise to the priest.

“‘No doubt,’ was his brief answer.

“‘Can you give me any information in regard to Father Creeny?’ I asked anxiously.

“He started, but then gazing keenly in my face, inquired:

“‘Do you ask from motives of friendship?’

“‘I do. He was the trusted friend of my father for many years.’

“‘Was your father an Englishman?’

“‘Yes, and his name was Wallingford.’

“‘To my surprise the old man caught me in his arms.

“‘Thank God!’ he ejaculated, his voice shaking, “‘Thank God that you have come in time. I am Father Creeny.’

“‘How is Leelinau, my mother?

“‘If you had tarried but a brief space, she would have been resting beside her father. But come with me.

“After a few words addressed in the language of the tribe to the Indian who had been waiting, he dismissed him, promising to accompany me to my mother’s lodge.

“I had barely time to slip some silver into the hands of the disappointed man, before Father Creeny called me to follow him up the shore a short distance where his own canoe was waiting for him.

“The current was against us, so that it took us three hours to go four miles; but I was so agreeably absorbed in what the good Father told me, that I took no note of time.

“After relating the circumstances which led to his deposition, which I will tell you at another time, he gave me an account of my grandfather, my uncle, the present chief, the circumstances of my father’s visit to the tribe; my mother’s espousal; the rites of her marriage, her grief at the separation from her husband; her despair when her son was not restored to her, and other deeply affecting incidents of more recent date.

“Have I exhausted your patience, Edith; or will you allow me to go on?

“Letelesha, or Satalesha, for thirty years Chief of the Pawnees, was a brave, celebrated for his deeds of prowess, and for

his stern, unflinching integrity. He was loved by his own people and feared by the warlike tribes which surrounded them. He early opposed the introduction of ardent spirits among his people, a course pursued by many of the agents appointed by government to disburse the bounty pledged by treaty to the Indians.

“This virtuous chief had two children, a son, Petalesharoo, and a daughter, Lee-linau. The son early became distinguished on account of his valor, and was called, ‘Bravest of the Braves.’

In the winter of 1821, he visited Washington, being one of a deputation from his nation to the American Government on business relating to the tribe. At that time he was of elegant form and countenance, his lofty stature and erect bearing would distinguish him in any company. One incident related of his valor attracted

the admiration of those who heard it; and, among others of my father.

"It had for years been the custom, not only with his nation but with the neighboring tribes, to torture and burn captives as sacrifices to the evening Star. In an expedition undertaken by some of his countrymen against the Iteans, a female was captured and condemned to be burned at the stake. A vast crowd assembled upon the adjoining plain to witness the scene, and to join in the dance usual on such occasions. This brave, unobserved, had stationed two fleet horses at a small distance, and was standing among the crowd as a silent spectator. All were anxiously waiting to enjoy the spectacle of the first contact of the flames with their victim, when to their astonishment Petalesharoo was seen rending asunder the cords which bound her, and with the swiftness

of thought bearing her in his arms beyond the amazed multitude, when placing her upon one horse and mounting himself upon the other, he bore her off safely to her friends and country.

“Father Creeny told me that such an act would have endangered the life of a common chief; but such was Petalesharoo's sway in the tribe that no one presumed to censure the daring adventure.

“At that period I am assured that this young brave was as much a son of nature, and had enjoyed no greater advantages of education or religious teaching than the multitude whom he astounded by his humane act.

“This account, being circulated in Washington during my father's visit to the Capitol, excited the liveliest interest in the young chief. On my father's introduction to him, he was dressed in a manner sim-

ilar to that in which I met him. An intense admiration for his noble qualities had grown up in my father's mind; and when they met, the regard was mutual. A treaty of affection was formed which resulted in a promise from my father to visit the distinguished chief in his forest home. But being unexpectedly called by business in another direction, the promise was not redeemed until my father's subsequent visit to the United States, when he journeyed West, met Petalesharoo at St. Louis, and returned with him to his tribe, where he met my mother."



CHAPTER XIII.

WALLINGFORD'S JOURNAL.



OCTOBER 25th. I left my writing yesterday in a most abrupt manner in consequence of a summons I received from Father Creeny. I shall always have reason to thank God for bringing me here, and for bringing me at this crisis. The past ten hours I have been actor in scenes of the most intense excitement. I have now returned to Father Creeny's lodge where I wrote yesterday; and my thoughtful host has left me to get some sleep; but the rest I most crave, will come to me while addressing my fearless, faithful monitress.

"Edith, last night when I stood by the

couch of my mother, and told her of the Saviour's love — of his compassion, even for the most guilty, I tried to recall your words addressed to me. You were by my side. I saw once more your lip trembling with emotion. I looked in your eyes, dim with unshed tears. You said once 'I wish I could comfort you as you have comforted me.'

"Edith you did comfort me last night. Will you forgive me for saying,

'There links
Betwixt us two a tender sympathy,
Eternity will rivet, not unloose.'

"But I will endeavor to fix my mind on my narrative, and give you a connected account of events as they occurred.

"The chief Letelesha, or as he is called in history, the knife chief, was not more renowned for his feats of strength, than was

his daughter Leelinau for her gentle virtues. Her slender, supple form, her full, beaming, hazel eye, and her dark flowing hair formed a picture most pleasing to gaze upon. In the language of another,

‘ And through her cheek
The blush would make its way, and all but speak,
The sunborn blood suffused her neck, and threw
Over her clear brown skin a lucid hue,
Like coral reddening through the darken’d wave
Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.’

“The hand of this young princess had been sought by several young braves, but to all alike her father answered:

“‘You ask me to bestow upon you my daughter, the chief solace of my age, my choicest gift from the Master of Life. Have you borne in mind that Leelinau is descended from a line of chieftains who came from the East? And what have you to boast? Have you proved your fortitude

by suffering protracted pain, enduring continued hunger, or sustaining great fatigue? Is your name known beyond the limits of your own tribe? None but the bravest of the brave can ever hope to claim alliance with Letelesha.' When my father returned to the Indian territory in company with his new friend, he found himself on a beautiful plain extending as far as eye could reach, covered with natural flowers of a thousand different hues and fragrance. Here and there were clusters of tall, shady trees, separated by streams of the purest water. Under the shelter of the trees, were the lodges of the Indians, which, dotting here and there the landscape, gave a pleasing variety to the picture.

"In the most delightful of these groves was the lodge of the Chief. When the travellers entered it, the hour was sunset. Letelesha had returned home from the chase.

"Just outside the lodge, a huge carcass of deer was hanging by its antlers, while within a savory repast was in preparation by an old squaw.

"The Chief half reclined on a mat of bear-skin, while close at his side his beautiful daughter warbled a song of her native forest; meanwhile with her nimble fingers embroidering a wampum belt lying across her lap.

"It was a lovely, peaceful home-scene, and my father thoroughly appreciated it.

"As a friend of Petalesharoo the stranger was received with honor. The friendship ripened day by day. While the father and brother were following the chase, or attending to the business of their tribe, my father enlivened the solitude of the fair princess by tales of his own land. Like her brother she could talk in broken English; but now a lover's voice taught

her to sing the ballads that he loved. Together they wandered through the forest, returning at night laden with flowers of every hue.

"At last, growing bolder in his love, my father poured into the maiden's ear the story which has never grown old, since Adam told it to Eve in Paradise.

"Nor did the princess say him nay. A new life had begun for her. Never before had her heart beat so tumultuously. Never before had her step been so elastic, nor her eye so bright.

"Letelesha saw and sighed. He too loved the white chief who had come from far to woo the fairest of the fair; but his heart whispered that the stranger would ere long grow weary of Indian life, and yearn after his own kindred. What would become of Leelinau then?

"When he repeated these words to his

daughter, her head drooped on her breast, and she wept. It was as if she had said, 'I plead with my tears.' Her brother also plead for his friend. Between them they prevailed over the better judgment of the Chief; and he consented that his daughter should be the bride of the pale-face.

"For two moons only were the rites which joined them delayed. Father Creeny, at that time a zealous Romanist, had commenced his labors among the Pawnees, but was now absent. My father, though a protestant, gladly availed himself of priestly rites to give additional sanctity to the simple ceremony which was the usage of the tribe, and therefore waited his return.

"Nor was the time too short for the Englishman to prove to the Chief and his son that he was not behind them in powers of strength or endurance. He had been trained to wonderful feats in the

schools of his native country, while his skill in horsemanship would almost equal that of those who make it a profession.

"Leaving his betrothed waving her farewell from the door of the lodge, he rode forth in company with the bravest warriors to the hunt; where even in company with the Bravest of the Brave, he earned laurels.

"Nor when the wedding day arrived was the trousseau wanting. There was then but little communication with the States; but a heavy purse and a firm resolve can work wonders. Cloth of the finest texture, ornaments of gold and coral adorned the graceful limbs of Leelinau, making her the admiration of the whole tribe.

"At the close of a happy year, during which my mother made rapid advances toward civilization, and in which my

father's efforts were added to those of the priest for the welfare of the tribe, a new tie united my parents. From the raven blackness of my hair and eyes, Leelinau, according to the custom of the nation, called me Blackbird, though my father, embracing the opportunity presented by Father Creeny's first visit after my birth, had requested him to call me by the name of my uncle, Brooks Dudley Wallingford. Through the whole tribe my father went by the name of 'Flying-leap,' in consequence of a wonderful feat of horsemanship.

"There was one event during my infancy which may perhaps interest you in connection with the Bravest of the Brave.

"One of the Pawnee warriors having been absent on a war expedition, brought back with him a Spanish boy whom he had captured from a neighboring tribe.

The warrior was resolved to sacrifice him to Venus, the great star whom he wished to propitiate; and the time was appointed.

“Letelesha had long wished to put an end to this ancient custom of his tribe, and now consulted Petalesharoo, and Flying-leap upon the course to be pursued. The Brave said:

“‘I will rescue the boy as a warrior should, by force.’

“His father, unwilling that he should thus expose his life, made great exertions to raise a sufficient quantity of merchandise for the purchase of the captive.

“All who were able, at the desire of the Chief, contributed; and a pile was made of the goods before Letelesha’s lodge, who then summoned the warrior before him. When he had arrived the Chief commanded him to take the merchandise and deliver up the boy. The warrior refused.

Letelesha then waved his war-club in the air, bade the warrior obey or prepare for instant death.

“‘Strike,’ cried Petalesharoo, ‘I will meet the vengeance of his friends.’

“But the prudent and excellent Letelesha resolved to use one more endeavor, before committing such a deed. He therefore increased the amount of property, which had the desired effect. The boy was surrendered; and the valuable collection of goods sacrificed to Venus in his stead.

“Petalesharoo, then called together the chiefs, when Flying-leap, holding up a silver medal before them, called them to listen :

“‘Brethren,’ he began, ‘this day we have reason to be proud of our Prince, the Bravest of the Brave. This day he has redeemed his pledge which he gave to

our brothers and sisters in Washington. So highly was he there esteemed for his bravery, and for the tenderness of his heart, that he was presented by the ladies with this elegant silver medal, which was given with this address:

““Brother, accept this token of our esteem; always wear it for our sakes; and when again you have the power to save a poor captive from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and rescue.”

““Chiefs and warriors, listen to Petale-sharoo's reply.' The medal hung about his neck; he seized it in his hands:

“‘This,' he said, 'will give me more ease than I ever had; and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters approve the act I have done. I did it in ignorance of the God of the pale-face;

but I now know what I have done. By giving me this medal I know it. I will learn of the white man's God to deliver captives from death.'

"This address of my father's produced a great effect upon the warriors, who crowded around their young chief, standing modestly apart from the group, and eagerly expressed their pleasure.

"At that time the intercourse between white traders and the Indians had barely commenced. Occasionally a daring or a missionary spirit led one, as it did Father Creeny, to brave the terrors of the scalping knife; and intrude upon them in their wigwams. But for a long time the influence of Father Creeny was insufficient to prevent torture to the captive. The poor Indians all believed that the success of their enterprises depended on their faithful performance of their rites and sacrifices."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAPPY REUNION.



OCTOBER 28th. I have been unable until now, to resume my journal, and at this time can only add a few pages, as I have an opportunity to send to St. Louis, by one of the Pawnees, who will post my package there. I hope it will reach you in safety, and that its minute contents will not weary you.

"I need not remind you of your promise to tell me of whatever concerns you. But to return to my narrative:

"Two, three years passed after my birth, and my father showed no symptoms of wishing to return to civilized life. Indeed, with his Leelinau, or My dear Life, as he

often called my mother, and the pranks of his pappoose, — with the excitement of the hunt, and the success of his trade in furs with the States, he had no time for ennui.

“At first Letelesha watched his daughter’s husband with gloomy forebodings; but as he saw Flying-leap happy in teaching his wife to enhance the comforts of home, a sense of security gradually stole over him: and when three times twelve moons had waxed and waned, he forgot that the pale-faced brave had other ties across the sea.

“During these years the lodge under the tall trees was beautified by clinging vines which climbed up and threw their luxuriant tendrils lovingly over the sides. The grounds in the vicinity had been made to resemble an English garden. Parterres of flowers transplanted from the wilderness

blossomed with increased beauty. Beyond was an enclosure where vegetables in abundance gave token of the richness and fertility of the soil, and which proved an additional charm to the pleasures of the table. Fish, prairie fowls, many varieties of game, bear meat, buffalo meat, and venison, constituted the fare, and were dainties fit for a crowned head.

“Within the lodge the softest mats of wolf, bear and buffalo skins, covered the well-trodden earthen floor, while cages of birds of the richest plumage hung around. Heavy curtains separated the sleeping apartments from the common room. There was a motley array of furniture. In one corner was a small upright parlor organ standing opposite an array of kettles, wooden spoons and other cooking utensils. Next to the organ the large case in which Flying-leap kept his arrows and gun.

Over this the branching horns of a huge deer. Next a large lounging chair, and then again a rude case well filled with books, prominent among them the Bible which my father was beginning to consult as a guide from earth to heaven.

"Just as I had reached my third summer, the summons for my father brought dismay to many hearts. It was an imperative summons not to be tampered with. There was a tiny pappoose now lashed to its cradle according to Indian usage and standing in the corner of the wigwam.

"Since this may strike you as cruel, I will explain that the cradle is made of a straight piece of wood, generally about twenty inches long and twelve wide. Near the top a piece of supple wood is bent in the form of a bow, which prevents any injury to the infant should the cradle be accidentally upset. The bow also serves

as a support to attach the toys hung in front of the child's eyes for its amusement.

“Perhaps you have read the pretty lines in which reference is made to the Indian cradle. The mother chants to her sick child:

“‘Baby dear,
Leave me not—ah, leave me not;
I have nursed with love sincere,
Nursed thee in thy forest cot—
Tied thee in thy cradle trim
Kind adjusting every limb;
With the fairest beads and bands
Deck'd thy cradle with my hands;
And with sweetest corn panade,
From my little kettle fed,
Leave me not—ah, leave me not.’

“In place of the dandling, usual in England, the Indian mother lays her infant on the board upon which a blanket has

been folded, and lashes it firmly to the support, which secures it so well that the cradle can be set up on end against the side of the lodge and in this position the pappoose will sleep for hours. When taken from the cradle it will often cry to be put back, folding its tiny arms by its sides for the purpose. Probably in this way the Indian squaw secures for her child the straight back and erect bearing for which the Aborigines of America are noted.

“My little sister Iona was five months old when the messenger came to announce to my father the death of my grandfather and of my uncle Brooks Wallingford; sudden death from the overturning of a carriage.

“When Leelinau was made to comprehend the necessity of an immediate decision on my father’s question, ‘Will you

go with me to England, or remain here till my return?" her grief rendered her almost frantic. She had learned enough during her acquaintance with him to understand that her nomadic life among savages had sadly unfitted her for the sphere to which she would be introduced as the wife of a wealthy Englishman. She was now able to read, and began to blush at her own ignorance.

"‘No, no,’ she shrieked, wringing her hands. ‘You will not love me there. You will compare me with the pale-faces, and mourn that you ever sought a rude, untaught savage.’

"No arguments that my father could use had weight against these fears which had obtained complete mastery over her. Her brother tried to soothe her by repeating Flying-leap's promise of return, while her father stood by in dignified silence.

"But, not to delay on this painful scene. My father made hurried arrangements for the comfort of Leelinau and her infant daughter, and left the Pawnees taking me away with him.

"Years passed; my sister lay sleeping beneath the sod. My father's servant, old Roger, had been on his fruitless errand to the lodge, and at last my father himself came to urge Leelinau and her brother to accompany him to England. He promised her the tenderest care; and to Petalesharoo the means of prosecuting an education in any college he might choose; but she would not consent, and after a residence with the tribe of nearly six months, he once more left her, promising that at some future time I should visit her.

"From the moment she heard of his death on board the steamer, no smile

was seen in the once happy lodge of Leelinau. She pined day and night. Tears, sighs and lamentations were heard continually. In vain Letelesha and Petalesh-aroo employed persuasion and reproof; both were alike unheeded. She reproached herself continually with being the cause of her husband's death. She would seek a retired spot in the forest or by the side of a crystal stream; and there under a shady tree she would sit and sing her mournful laments for hours together.

“At last time assuaged the poignancy of her grief; and she began to look forward with delight to reunion with her husband in the Paradise of the blest; where, according to the belief of the Pawnees, the spirits of friends will be reunited and tread forever over fields of flowery enjoyment, free from care or sorrow.

“In this state of mind she continued until the death of Letelesha, when the more spiritual labors of Father Creeny led her to reflect on the instructions of my father, who during his last visit was unceasing in his efforts for her conversion.

“It was strange how entirely these had faded from her mind. Now she listened for hours to the teachings of the Bible, which produced a deep conviction of her guilt as a sinner before God, but unhappily did not lead her to Christ—as the only satisfaction for the offender.

“Here I must close my sheet, hoping for a speedy answer to my long epistle.

BROOKS D. WALLINGFORD.”

I must now take up the narrative. On reaching the settlement, with his guest, Father Creeny accompanied the traveller to his own wigwam, and after giving him

such refreshments as he had at hand, left him while he went to Leelinau's lodge to consult Petalesharoo as to the best manner of preparing the mother to receive her long lost child. He found to his surprise that the Chief had recognized his nephew, and was already at his sister's couch, momentarily fearing interruption from young Wllingford. He gladly welcomed the priest and retiring to the farther end of the lodge, stood silently awaiting the result.

For months Leelinau had been failing in strength. Ever since the death of her husband she had reproached herself for not consenting to his wishes and accompanying him. Her love, she felt sure, would have averted the calamity which overtook him on board the ship. At times, too, his earnest words of entreaty that she would embrace his Saviour, flashed through her with overwhelming force.

Her mind was like a troubled sea which cannot rest. She acknowledged to herself, though she would to no other, that her steps were hastening her enfeebled body to the grave, and ever this question was before her—

“Will my spirit join my husband and my babe Iona in the land of the blest; or shall I be condemned to live solitary, beholding their happiness afar off, never able to approach them?”

Day after day Father Creeny had sought to shed light on the darkened mind; but reticent and calm outwardly, he could not guess the tortures of her soul, and knew not how to apply the remedy. These tortures had at length wrought such a change in the appearance of Leelinau that it was evident to all she had but a few weeks, perhaps only days, more to live.

It was mainly to procure some medicine

for his sister that Petalesharoo had been to St. Louis, and now his very soul was moved within him as he reflected upon the possible effect of the overwhelming joy in store for her.

Hitherto Father Creeny had advised that no allusion to her past happiness with Flying-leap should be made in her presence; but now, entering with a smile on his aged face, he sat down on the pile of mats the Chief had just vacated.

"Come," he exclaimed, "you must smile with me. I have had a dream, a happy dream. Who do you think I saw in it?"

"I cannot imagine. It may be you saw my father."

"No, it was Blackbird."

She started up with a cry of pain. "Tell me," she exclaimed, "how did he look? Was he a child still?"

"You must control yourself like the daughter of a great Chief, or I can tell you nothing."

"That is true, Leelinau. Be calm, for I too have had a dream; and I think it portends good," added the Chief.

The poor mother clasped her hands.

"I am waiting," she said, hoarsely.

"No; but you must tell me how Black-bird looked; it is so many years since he went away. Tell me, that I may be sure I was not mistaken."

Leelinau's eyes flashed, but presently softened, as she commenced: "Straight as a pine in its native forest, was my first-born. Black and shining like a raven's wing was his hair. Keen as a vulture's was his eye—" She fell back with a heart-rending shriek.

"Oh, why, why did I ever consent that he should leave me?"

"Hush! hush! Leelinau, sister of the Brave. He will return. Through these great forests he will search till he comes to the lodge of his mother."

"How know you this?" Months of suppressed agony were concentrated in the shriek which followed this question.

"Be quiet, Leelinau," said her brother, "and I will bring Blackbird to your couch, not a child, but a man, a warrior, fit to be the son of Letelesha's daughter; one to make a mother's heart swell with pride."

"Where is he? I will go and seek him. Why did his footstep tarry until he reached his mother's lodge? He must be weary. Let me arise and prepare him food. Oh, my son, my son!"

Here the mother's excitement became so intense that it was with difficulty her attendants could prevent her from rushing out into the forest in search of her boy.

"Stay here," said Father Creeny, "I will be back presently."

In five minutes Blackbird stood panting before the skin door which alone separated him from his mother. Throwing aside his hat, he entered and stood before her; then with a low cry, as he thought of all she had suffered from the long separation, he threw himself on his knees by her couch and buried his face in her bosom.

"Mother! Leelinau! My dear Life! have you no words of welcome for your boy?" he exclaimed passionately.

The princess raised her eyes to heaven, murmuring inarticulate words, then suddenly clasping his head, she held it where her eyes could feast on the sight.

"It is, it is my son! my beloved for whom my soul yearned. Am I in the spirit land? Has the Great Father revoked my doom? May I talk with my son?"

"I am here in the flesh, mother. Put your hand in mine; feel the quick throbs of my heart. It beats high with love to Leelinau."

She caught him to her breast and rained showers of kisses on his cheeks, his brow, his lips.

"Now I know it is not a dream;" and she lay quietly back on the couch, keeping her eyes fixed upon his.

The Chief now came forward to welcome the visitor, and deeply as young Wallingford's feelings were moved at meeting his mother, he could not but admire the ease, self-possession and grace of the man as he stood erect, the lord of the forest.

"You are welcome as the breath of spring, welcome as the noise of the waterfall to the thirsty hunter, welcome as the sight of the lodge-fires after a wearisome march. You are welcome."

"Have I kept my promise?" inquired Father Creeny, bending over the couch, with an arch glance.

"You have kept it. My son, my Black-bird, my warrior, my second Letelesha, has returned; and we shall never part more until the Master of Life calls me to the land of spirits."

She fixed her eyes keenly upon her son, as she said this, and he answered solemnly:

"We will never part."

With a quick gasp she released his hand while a gush of tears came to her relief. But with a self-control for which he was unprepared, but which accorded well with her character, she soon became calm, and folding her hands on her breast, said softly:

"I am content."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MOTHER'S LODGE.

N attendant brought in for the visitor dried venison, cakes made of maize, parched corn, and a pipe, formerly used by his grandfather.

Wallingford partook sparingly of the food, urging that he had already eaten, then holding the pipe reverently in his hands, he touched the mouth-piece to his lips, and laid it aside.

"It is sacred, sacred to Letelesha," he said, solemnly.

He could scarcely have done anything more pleasing to his mother. She gazed lovingly in his face, as if she could never weary of the sight, whispering to herself:

"He is true. He feels no shame on account of the red blood flowing in his veins. He is true to Letelesha, and to his mother."

It was now midnight; but Leelinau would not part from her newly recovered treasure. She caused a pile of mats to be laid at the farther corner of the lodge where she could keep him in sight, and herself feigning sleep, watched him as, exhausted with fatigue and excitement, he soon fell into a profound slumber.

Not once during the night did the watcher close her eyes, but when the morning dawned and she had partaken with him of the feast Petalesharoo had prepared for a welcome, she consented to be left alone and seek the rest she so much needed.

"Sleep, Leelinau," entreated Wallingford, bending over her, "and I will entreat

our heavenly Father to give strength to your frame. I have much to tell you of myself and much to learn concerning you and my sister Iona."

The young man hurried away to Father Creeny's lodge and passed an hour or two in writing to Edith.

From this time Leelinau's strength gradually returned. When the weather was mild she went out, always accompanied by her son, and led him to her favorite haunts in the forest. For hours during the balmy Indian summer they sat on a mound, near the grave of Iona, while the mother dwelt upon her childish beauty and grace, which alas! was so soon buried from sight.

It was here too, near the repose of the early dead, that Wallingford first told his mother of the hopes he had begun to cherish of happiness beyond the grave. Not, indeed, until this hour, had he de-

layed to awaken in her a desire for some token of acceptance with God. He had at once urged her to submit herself to the Saviour, and she with the artlessness and abandon of a child, had confided to him all the trials and conflicts she had endured while trying to approach the Almighty Ruler of heaven and earth.

“But I never come any nearer,” she exclaimed in despair, and with her eyes upturned. “Earth is not farther from Heaven than the Great Spirit is from my poor trembling heart. I cannot find him. I must walk in darkness forever. When my eyes are shut to the light of day, I shall never see you more, my son. I shall never see the young brave, Flying-leap, who wandered over seas and through forests to find rest in my arms. I have looked my last on the sweet babe who nestled against my bosom. The Master of Life is a being

brighter than the sun; 'more glorious than the moon with her train of stars; but I shall not be permitted to look upon him."

"Mother! mother! why will you despair, when the Bible, God's own book, is so full of precious promises? Oh, mother! I am but a babe in knowledge; but I have found the Saviour. Will you not trust this gracious Friend? Our father in heaven says to those who trust him: 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.' Will you not trust me to show you the way to him?"

"I will trust you," laying her hand in his.

"Do you remember, Leelinau, the story of the Spanish boy who was rescued from the flames by my grandfather and his sons?"

"I remember."

"He was a captive, and the warrior demanded a heavy ransom. It was right, for life is worth more than gold. The ransom was paid, and the captive was free. Ought he not to love those braves who saved his life? Ought he not to be willing to devote his whole strength to their service?"

"He was willing; he begged to do so; but Letelesha sent him back to his friends."

"We are all captives, mother. Captives to sin. Christ the Saviour came to ransom us. He would have given gold and silver and costly garments; but these were not enough. Do you know what he gave? Have you not heard that the Son of God gave his own life to ransom ours?"

"Yes, I have heard. Flying-leap frequently read to me from his book; but my heart does not understand; I feel it not. I despair. I tell no one but my son. I

am soon going to the land of the Great Spirit. It is a long journey. I have no guide."

"Dear mother, listen to the words of your child. Think of Blackbird, the son of Mighty chiefs. Would he deceive his mother?"

"The voice of Blackbird is music to my ears. It is like the voice of the nightingale. It is like the cooing of the dove. It is sweet as gurgling waters. I will listen."

"Let me read to you the words of the Great Spirit. It is addressed to you. Our Father's eye watches us at this moment. He sees your heart torn with sad forebodings. He longs to comfort you. He sends his good spirit to whisper words of peace. Listen:

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye' to the waters, and he that hath no

money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.'"

Leelinau eagerly drank in the words, but when he stopped, her head sank on her breast.

"This invitation is to all," he went on. "Christ's love for sinners has made it free. Now hear what Christ says to you and to me:

"'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'"

Wallingford was aware that this symbolic language, so suited to the Indian habits of thought, would touch a chord in her heart. He was not surprised therefore to see her eye kindle with interest; but no sooner did she observe his cheeks flush

with hope, than she feigned an indifference she was far from feeling.

"Will you not drink of this water, my mother?" he asked in tones of affection.

"I cannot answer."

"'I am the bread of life,'" he repeated. "'He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.'"

For a few moments the poor woman was so filled with a sense of her own sinfulness that her cries were incessant.

Her keen distress so affected her son that he pressed upon her the only remedy, submission to God, repeating with great emphasis the word: "'For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'"

After a time Leelinau became more calm, and rising said: "Let us return to the Lodge."

Several days passed and though lavish in her affection, the mother gave her son no opportunity for personal conversation.

Wallingford was greatly distressed. He attributed his want of success to his unskilful manner of presenting the truth. He did not realize that the hour of her salvation had not yet come. Oh, how earnestly he wished Edith were there to probe his mother's heart as she had probed his own! Then after his first joy, when doubts and fears arose, how quickly she had strengthened his faint heart by the promises of God.

Walking solitary in the forest near his mother's lodge, he revolved all these subjects, vainly endeavoring to peep through the cloud which darkened his mother's mind keeping her from joy and peace in believing.

Though he had the utmost confidence

in Father Creeny's motives, he could but acknowledge that the religion of rites and ceremonies, of mere outward observances still clung to him, and these were made in a degree to take the place of genuine faith and trust in Christ as the all-atoning sacrifice. It was difficult for the priest at once to overcome the influence of a long life of adherence to dangerous theories, and to believe in Christ's ability to do his own work. On this account the gentleman did not regret as he otherwise would have done the absence of this noble-hearted man.

After days of the deepest solicitude, he resolved to repeat to his mother the story of his own trials with a proud, sinful heart before he was brought by divine grace to sit humbly at the feet of his Saviour.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUD.

T was a cool, frosty November day. Leelinau, reclining on her bear-skin mats, was busying herself in embroidering a pair of moccasins for her son; and, finding her strength rapidly failing, would not rest until they were finished. She had one day expressed a desire to hear once more the sound of the organ her husband used to play: and Wallingford desirous to gratify every wish, had sent to St. Louis for a man to come and put the instrument in order.

“Are you too tired to hear me talk, Leelinau?” he asked, bending over her with looks and tones of love.

"The notes of the Chileeli are not more sweet to my ear, my son."

He threw himself on a costly wolf-skin at her feet, and removing her work from her hands, recounted minutely his loneliness after his father's death, the void in his heart, the whisperings of the spirit of grace, his own feeling after God, his proud, rebellious heart that would not accept free pardon, but sought by a moral life and generous deeds to win heaven for himself. Then he described the emotions which surged through his breast when told that, far away in the wilds of America, there yet lived the mother who had given him birth; and the injunction left by his father that he should visit her, and if she had not already embraced the Saviour, that he should win her to the cross.

"A blind leader of the blind, I should

then have been," he added, every feature agitated with emotion. "I was blind. I walked in darkness, and would not see the light. The work I had to accomplish weighed heavily on my spirits. I became a reserved, gloomy man. On my voyage to Halifax my distress of mind increased. I prayed, beseeching God to grant peace to my troubled soul; but still I would not accept Christ as my ransom, my mediator with my offended God, and there was no peace for me. I had letters to some of my guardian's friends, resident in Canada; and I proceeded there to deliver them, and from thence started for the States, anxious first to find my father's friend and agent, Father Creeny, who would conduct me to you. In Montreal I met a young girl scarcely more than a child in years but a woman in knowledge. I saw her, when in affliction, go

to her Father in heaven with the confident trust of a babe. At last I told her I was in darkness; and gently she led me on till I saw my error. I laid my burden at Jesus' feet, and in that hour I found sweet peace. Christ says 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

When his voice ceased, Leelinau said abruptly: "I would be alone. When Petalesh-aroo returns from the chase, ask him to tarry at the door."

It was not long, however, before she summoned them to return, but she did not ask to renew the conversation. She lay with her eyes closed, while the attendant squaw moved about, preparing a savory stew for the evening repast.

When all was in readiness, she arose and ate with the rest, then, beckoning her brother to her side, began:

"Petalesharoo, my time is short. You are a mighty Chief. Our fathers were warriors who feared not the face of man. Petalesharoo, who will be Chief when the Master of Life calls you to the land of the blest? Listen to my voice. I have heard the call of the Great Spirit. When I am gone, my son will return to the land of his father; his heart has chosen a mate; and he will not long tarry at a distance from her. You have been father, brother, chief to poor Leelinau; but in turn your heart will be sad. Let this not be so, my brother. Take the bright-eyed Iva, and bring her to your lodge. Then when I see that you are comforted, I can go in peace to the land where there will be no more sorrow nor parting forever."

While she was speaking Petalesharoo sat gazing in her face with the calmness under which a Brave hides his deepest emotion,

either of sorrow or joy. Just so had he gazed at Wallingford when they were seated together in the boat, and on recognizing him had given no sign of the tide of joy surging through his heart.

Leelinau waited for him to answer, and then added: "Take Iva who is a fair and virtuous maiden; she has hearkened to the whispers of the Great Spirit. Let her be a companion to you when I am gone and the mother of mighty warriors."

"Your words are new to me," he answered at length, "I will give heed to them."

Having said this, he arose, and walked slowly from the lodge.

Leelinau bade her squaw tell her which path he had taken, and when she knew he had gone to the wigwam where Iva lived with her father, she was glad.

Wallingford's couch was adjacent to his

mother's, separated from hers only by heavy curtains. The night after his long talk with her, his anxiety prevented him from sleep. He arose at last and kneeling by his couch poured out his full heart before God in earnest supplications for her conversion. He besieged the mercy-seat crying like the patriarch of old, "I will not give thee up, except thou bless me."

When he returned to his couch his heart was full of joy. He was willing to wait God's time. He had faith in the promise, "Ask what ye will, believing and ye shall receive." There was a blessing in store for Leelinau.

The next day the man arrived at the lodge to tune the organ; and he also brought a bundle of letters for Wallingford which Father Creeny had forwarded from St. Louis. One bore a foreign stamp; but it was laid aside; another was from

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Mr. Cahill, this was received with a smile; but there was another still, which the mother, eagerly watching, saw him press to his lips.

With a sigh she whispered to herself, "He will be comforted when I am gone. But I am content. I am glad my son will be happy. I shall be happy too."

The letter so prized was from Edith. From the neat, flowing chirography on the small card she had given him, he at once recognized the address, and with a beaming face retired to his own apartment, if such it could be called, to read it by himself. Shall I give it to you, my reader?

"I can scarcely tell you, Mr. Wallingford, how deeply the contents of your long and interesting journal affected me. Tears of sorrow flowed for dear Leelinau at the separation from her husband, and also tears of sympathy with her joy at your return.

With my whole heart I pray that the gracious Spirit may take of the things of Christ, and make them plain unto her; and that she may receive the Saviour in all his fulness. How I yearn to do her good; and yet, would she receive the words of one whom she has never seen?

If you think it right you may tell her from me, that the peace coming from submission to God is like a flowing river; like the sun majestically receding from sight, leaving the roseate clouds reflecting its splendor—like the calm of the waves after a storm has passed,—like the peaceful quiet of an infant's slumbers, a peace which passeth understanding, which the world cannot give nor take away.

"I shall look for your next letter with impatience. My imagination has easily pictured the scene of the re-union; but I long to learn how it actually took place,

and whether you found her a believing Christian. God grant it may be so.

"After your description of Petalesharoo, so brave, so tender, my heart goes out to him with deep regard. How wonderful that in the midst of warlike tribes, such humane sentiments as govern him and Letelesha should take root. What a noble Christian the present Chief would make! I hope he is one, and that his influence for the religion of the Bible may be powerful among his people.

"I have taken the liberty to send Leelinau a little token of affection, which, if you think it proper, you may present her, with the kindest wishes of one who owes to her Blackbird's generous kindness, the welfare, perhaps the life of her father."

Folded in an inner envelope was a book-mark of rich crimson ribbon, on which the text from Scripture, "THY WORD GIVETH

LIFE" was wrought in gold cord with exquisite skill. The ends were ornamented with deep fringe. On the outside of the envelope the superscription was, "To Leelinau, the Indian Princess, with sincere regard."

Wallingford pressed the precious gift repeatedly to his lips, and then eagerly resumed the reading.

"I feel reluctant to intrude upon you, any thoughts not connected with those you love; but I cannot send my letter without telling you about my father. Soon after I left Montreal, he was seized with an alarming attack of pneumonia, the result of the uncongenial temperature; the physician assured him that he could not probably survive the winter, unless he removed to a warmer climate. But though born in affluence, he had now become so reduced by the fraud of those from whom

he deserved better treatment, he had not the means to follow his physician's advice; but in the words of the Psalmist he cried unto the Lord in his trouble, and He delivered him out of his distresses.

"Only a few days before he and Warner reached Savannah, did I become aware either of the immediate necessity for his removal, or that the means to remove had been generously furnished him. We are now delightfully situated in the house you authorized Mr. Cahill to hire. (You see how vain it is to try to keep a secret from curious woman.) My father is fast recovering his usual strength. My piano reached me without injury, and I now give lessons in my own house from six to eight hours a day. Besides these lessons, which are very remunerative, I have received an invitation to give lessons in elocution one evening in every week

to a class of young ladies connected with a school in Savannah. I wish I knew whether it would meet the approbation of *all* my friends. I have a great motive for earning money. Mr. Cahill, my kind adviser, has promised to pay the rent of our house from the salary which I earn as organist; and if I am blessed with health I shall before long be able to meet all other pecuniary obligations. The noble generosity which prompted the offer of money I shall ever remember with a grateful heart.

EDITH."

CHAPTER XVII.

BEHOLD, HE PRAYS.



WALLINGFORD returned to the side of his mother, every feature expressive of joy. He seated himself near her on a pile of mats, and, having placed the token of love in her hands, proceeded to deliver Edith's message. It was more delightful than he could express, thus to bring these two, most dearly loved on earth, into sympathy and affection.

Leelinau listened with a peculiar smile: but she said not a word. She folded the pretty gift in a piece of cloth, and placed it in her bosom.

"What shall I tell her, Leelinau, My dear Life?" asked her son with inexpressible tenderness.

She gazed in his face as only a mother can gaze who knows that she is soon to leave one so dearly loved, and then said in a faltering voice:

"Tell her, I have looked into Blackbird's heart, and I am content with what I have seen. I love my daughter Edith, who gives my son good counsel. From the happy land where I am going, I will look down and see my children. Flying-leap and Letelesha will look and be content."

"My dear, precious mother," exclaimed Wallingford, seizing her hand and covering it with kisses. "Have you indeed found peace?"

"My soul is at rest," was her calm reply, lifting her eyes to heaven.

He could scarcely contain his joy, and was obliged to walk several times the length of the open room in the lodge before he could command his voice to speak.

"When did the light dawn into your soul?" he began. "Oh Leelinau, more than ever Leelinau, my dear Life! My joy is great. Can you not tell me when you first began to see the glories of the Saviour's character?"

"My father on earth loved to grant his children their request," she answered, raising her eyes, "my Father in heaven also hears. He heard Blackbird crying aloud when the lodge was silent. He heard, and poured delight in the soul of poor, despairing Leelinau."

"And has the darkness fled away, mother?"

"Darkness and light cannot dwell together, my son. My soul is full of light

The beams of the midday sun are not more bright and glorious. My heart sings with rapture. The song will last forever more."

"What is the song, my mother? Let me sing it with you."

Oh Jesus, Jesus, glorious!

The light of heaven thou art;

And thou hast shed thy radiance

On a lonely Indian heart.

Great Prince, receive Leelinau;

The Indian captive free:

From sin and sorrow free her,

And let her dwell with thee.

Over Leelinau's wigwam,

Sing birds of golden crest;

But sweeter songs in Paradise,

The regions of the blest.

Leelinau chanted these words, while her son buried his face in his hands and wept tears of joy unspeakable.

When she had finished, Wallingford seated himself at the organ, and played a simple accompaniment to the inspiring words:

“ I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever reigns for me.”

After this Leelinau closed her eyes, and requested to be left alone.

For several days Petalesharoo had been absent for hours together. His nephew was aware he had not gone on a hunting expedition because his bow and arrows, his rifle and powder-horn, a present from Flying-leap, were hanging in their places on the walls.

While Wallingford was playing the organ the Chief was drawing near the lodge, and tarried outside to listen. The words fell on his heart, already softened by the workings of the Spirit, with quickening power.

Ever since his father's death, I'talesharoo had sighed in secret over his own ignorance and bondage to sin, and now as Wallingford's clear, rich notes fell on his ear,

"Salvation to his saints he gives,
And life and liberty;"

he asked himself, "Will he give salvation, life and liberty to a Pawnee? Will he give these blessings to me?"

He turned on his heel and strode quickly away into the depths of the forest. He wanted to be alone with the Great Spirit, and bare his heart before him. He wanted to give himself, with all his powers of body and mind to the gracious Being who had such blessings to bestow.

"But," he asked, seating himself on the fallen trunk of a tree, "will he accept me? What have I done to attract the slightest notice from the great Master of

Life? What can I do to show him I wish to render him homage? Can I turn the hearts of my tribe to bow down before him? How can I win his favor?"

A bird of the richest plumage called the Chileeli came and perched on the topmost bough of a tree above him, carolling his plaintive notes. There was a superstition among the Indian tribes that the spirits of the departed sometimes entered this bird, to win the loved ones left behind, to the regions of the blest.

The soft notes touched the heart of the Chieftain, and he sighed profoundly. Just so many times before, had Petalesharoo been drawn near to God; but still he found no peace. His head drooped forward, and, clasping his hands, he gazed up into the blue heavens. His heart went up to the throne in a troubled cry, "Is there mercy for me?"

Suddenly there came a voice, speaking to his soul:

“This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief.”

Often before had he listened to these words from the white man's Bible; but now they came with power. He buried his face in his hands, and tears, which torture could not wring from him, now fell in joyful gratitude to his great Deliverer from the bondage of sin.

One hour and then another passed away; the shades of evening began to fall; but still the Chief sat under the huge tree buried in thought. “O Christ,” was his fervent prayer, “wipe my heart clean from all sin. I give myself to thee, I am thy servant, thy soldier, to do thy will. All I have is thine. Put words into my mouth

that I may tell thee what rapture fills my soul. Hide me under thy wings from the allurements of my great enemy, sin; preserve me pure in thy sight."

These lines of an American poet, beautifully describe the change in the Brave:

"The bow and quiver which his fathers' made,
The gun that filled the warrior's deadliest vow;
The mace, the spear, the axe, the ambuscade,—
Where are they now?

Mute are the hills that woke his dreadful yell,
Scared nations listen with affright no more;
He walks a Christian over field and dell
Once red with gore.

Glory and fame that erewhile fired his soul
And nerved for war his ever vengeful hand,
What charm has proved more winning to control?
The Better Land.

Frontlet and wampum both are thrown away
His native altars stand without a blaze,—
Truth, robed in gospel light, hath found her way,
And, hark! he prays."

At length the moon arose ; and then the Chief rising from his seat, strode hastily toward the smoke of his wigwam.

Wallingford was reclining near his mother, reading to her the account of the New Jerusalem from St. John's Revelation.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The Chieftain entered silently, and stood gazing upon his sister. Not one muscle of his features gave evidence of the tide of grief which the sight of her wan face caused to surge through his heart. She turned her eyes from her son and fixed them earnestly on her brother.

"I have heard the call of the Great

Spirit," she said, "I am glad to go: but I sorrow to leave you alone. Will you accept salvation from Christ and meet me there?"

The countenance of the Chief kindled. He struck his hand on his breast as he exclaimed:

"My soul is full of joy. His love fills me so that I desire nothing more. I shall follow you when the Master of Life calls, and walk with you forever in the fields of Paradise."

Leelinau was evidently failing. Every hour found her weaker than the last. But there were still duties to perform; and she prayed that she might have strength that nothing be left undone.

The next day was the last of the week. The Chief had sent messengers to the most distant of the tribe to call them together on the Sabbath. He had words to speak

to them. In the afternoon, by his sister's request, he went to Iva's wigwam, and brought her to the lodge. What passed between the two, Wallingford did not know. When Leelinau summoned them to join her, there were traces of tears on the face of each. She beckoned to Petalesharoo to draw near the bed, and placed Iva's hand in his.

"She is yours, my brother. She will make you happy when I am gone. Together you will talk of Leelinau. When the Great Spirit calls, you will come home to me there," raising her finger toward heaven. "Iva has promised to love the Saviour; and she will do it."

She sank back exhausted; and when her son bent over her, clasped his hand, motioning the others to leave her. Not a word was spoken, Leelinau lay with her eyes closed, her bosom heaving so faintly that

the watcher could scarcely discern that she breathed.

✦ An old squaw presently drew near, bringing a decoction of herbs.

"It is well," the sick woman said, draining the cup, and returning it with a smile.

"I am better," she added, in a stronger voice. "Listen to me." She drew Edith's gift from her bosom and pressing her lips upon it said:

"Bury this in the grave with me. I shall thus carry the love of my daughter to the Land of the Blest. I shall tell Flying-leap that you are happy with one you love. It is a grief to me that I cannot once clasp my daughter to my heart. I would like to look into her eyes, and hear her wonderful voice; but I shall see her in heaven. Give her this," taking a package from her side, "and tell her what I have said."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH OF LEELINAU.

ETALESHAROO had also sent for Father Creeny. Leelinau was sure the sun would not rise many times more for her; and she wished to see Iva take her place in the lodge. It seemed to be her delight to make every one happy before she went her long journey.

Sabbath morning arose bright and beautiful. The trees were mostly stripped of their foliage, and the naked branches lifted themselves toward heaven. Not far from the front of the lodge was a clear, open space, which by twelve o'clock was covered with a dense crowd of warriors. Each warrior was armed according to the cus-

tom of the period with a bow and quiver of arrows, the heads of the most distinguished, being decorated by eagle feathers.

It was evident that they supposed Petalesharoo wished to send them on some warlike expedition ; but they wondered at being summoned to this place, instead of the council ground. This was in the centre of a plain where stood a huge pine, around which, ever since their settlement here, they had gathered on such occasions.

Closer and closer they stood as the crowd still increased, every man with head erect and features calm and unmoved.

At length the door of the lodge opened, and Petalesharoo came forth dressed as on the occasion of his visit to St. Louis. Behind him stood his nephew supporting Leelinau. The princess sat in the large chair or lounge with her head resting on her son's shoulder.

At her left side stood Iva, her neck, arms and ears adorned with jewels, proof of her betrothal to a chief, her eyes modestly cast to the floor.

Every eye was fixed on the Bravest of the Brave, as he thus addressed them:

"Brothers, open your ears. You have come at my call. You are brave men. When the war-whoop sounds you are ready for battle. I say to you this because the Great Spirit has told me we are fighting in a bad cause. He has sent us a chart. How does it read? Does the Great Spirit say, Go and kill your brother? Bring home a necklace of scalps of your enemies? Capture the squaws and burn them at the stake? Does he say this? No, my brothers. He says, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.' He says, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

“Warriors, you are braves. You never flee before your enemy. You can endure hunger, and cold, and fatigue. You do not weep when trouble comes upon you. Warriors, I, your Chief, have begun a new fight. Will you follow Petalesharoo? Brothers, I give you my hand, and welcome you; Leelinau welcomes you. Blackbird, the son of your brother, Flying-leap, welcomes you. I shall soon explain.

“Warriors, our fathers’ hunting-grounds once covered this whole land. We put one hand on the eastern and the other on the western ocean. Our people were numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the seashore, as the fish in the sea. When we heard the sound of the war-whoop, our chiefs talked long and loud around the council fires. Our warriors, thick as the stars of night, leaped into their canoes; and, swift as an eagle cuts

the air, they flew over the lakes, and made the whole heavens red with the blood of their enemies.

“My brothers, why is this not true now? Why are our hunting-grounds no larger than a warrior with a fleet foot can traverse in a day? Why are our own tribes at war with each other? Why are they still ignorant? Why do not our lands yield us riches? Listen, while I tell you why. Write it on your memories. It is because the God of the pale-face is a great God. It is because when he says, ‘Kill not,’ we have not listened to his voice. It is because when he says, ‘revenge not,’ we have revenged. It is because when he sends white brothers to teach us the way to be a great people, we do not heed them.

“My brothers, when Letelesha went at the call of the Master of Life, he bade you cease from revenge. He bade you

cease from strife with warlike tribes. I too, have a message for you from the Great Spirit you will meet when you are called from earth. I have hid the words in my heart. From this time I shall no more kill, nor seek to make war. I shall no more sound the war-whoop to call you to arms. I shall hunt the wild beasts. I shall learn from our brothers the arts of civilization. This is how I ask you to follow me. Will you come? Then I bid you welcome. This is not all. I shall make you more speeches. I shall call our braves many times around the council fires. I shall tell you of one gracious Being who will put good thoughts into our minds. I shall tell you of One, who, when we are leaning on our staffs waiting the summons from the Great Spirit, will take us by the hand, and lead us to the green fields and living waters of the Land of the Blest.

"I have made you a great talk. Now I say to you, bury the hatchet. Live in peace as long as the sun rises and sets, or the rivers run into the sea."

The Chief paused and looked toward Leelinau.

"Your counsel is good," answered a tall warrior. "We shall not forget it."

"My brothers," resumed Petalesharoo, waving his hand for silence, "listen for yourselves, and tell it to your squaws. Leelinau speaks to you. She has had a call from the Great Spirit. She is going to the region of the blest. She will meet Letelesha there. Letelesha who learned from Flying-leap of the One Friend who can lead us safely to the gates of heaven. What shall she say to him from his army of brave warriors? Will you listen to this Friend of Sinners? Will you have him for your Chief?"

"Let Letelesha hear our voices answer. We will follow him."

For one moment there was profound silence. Leelinau beckoned her brother to her side, when turning to the multitude he said:

"The sister of your Chief, the daughter of the Brave, the good Letelesha bids you farewell. She will meet you in another world. Peace and happiness, by the blessing of the Great Spirit, attend you. Farewell."

During the remainder of the day Leelinau lay with her eyes closed. The sands of life were fast running out.

Toward night she revived from her dreadful languor and asked:

"Has Father Creeny come?"

Her brother instantly sent to the wigwam of the priest and found that he had just arrived but was greatly exhausted.

"It is well," was the answer of the dying woman.

Whenever she was awake, she kept her son's hand clasped in her own, and her eyes fixed on his face, and when she fell asleep he would not leave her.

Petalesharoo and Iva also sat near, watching every motion of the sufferer.

Once she murmured in her sleep:

"Oh Jesus, Jesus glorious!"

Again she addressed Flying-leap, saying, "I have learned the good words. My soul is full of love. We shall part no more." And when Wallingford pressed the cup of medicine to her lips she said, with a smile:

"My daughter will comfort you. I am glad you will be happy. She is good."

When the morning dawned her voice was almost gone; but she made signs

that Father Creeny should be summoned. Her brother and Iva knew well what her wish was; and they had promised to gratify her. They stood side by side before her couch while her son supported her dying head on his breast; and there the rites of Christian marriage were performed by the priest.

When it was over, Petalesharoo bent over his sister and pressed a kiss of farewell on her damp brow. Iva followed his example. With difficulty she murmured, "I am now ready. I am content. Think of Leelinau but do not mourn."

They then gave place for Father Creeny to approach, when she bade him farewell, thanking him for all his instructions.

He stood tearfully gazing on her still beautiful features, when she once more addressed her son.

Fixing her eyes already dim with the

film of death upon his, she murmured, "‘Thy word giveth light.’ I am glad you told me of my Saviour. My soul loves him."

Her gaze became fixed; one, two long-drawn sighs and her spirit obeyed the call of the Master of Life. She was safe in the Land of the Blest.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BURIAL.



T the decease of Letelesha, described in history as one of the most mild and humane chiefs among the western tribes, the Pawnees were not so far advanced in civilization as now. The news of his death called together all his braves who assembled to wail over his corpse.

This was a ceremony which, in their opinion, could not be dispensed with. When the heirs of the deceased could not afford to hire mourners, the duty was performed by his immediate family and friends. These lamentations were loud, and were, in case of a person of distinction extended for weeks beyond the interment.

Letelesha died in faith that Christ, the Son of God, had pardoned his sins. Just before his death, when his son Petalosharoo was listening to his last sighs, the dying man said:

“Call my chiefs together. Their mourning will be sincere. If they wish they may bury me in a mound according to our ancient custom. Let there be no self torture, nor loud wailing. They need not bury food with me. My soul will at once ascend to the Great Spirit. I shall walk by living fountains, and eat fruit from the tree of life.”

In every respect his wishes were regarded as sacred. His body, dressed in the costume he wore at the council fires, was first wrapped in a blanket, and then enclosed in skins sewed together and tied around with cords of grass. When the time came for conveying it to the mound,

four warriors, the oldest in the tribe, bore it on a rude litter, followed by men, women and children, to its last resting-place, where it was reverently laid on a mat in the direction of east and west, to await the call of the great trump, when the dead in Christ shall rise first, from every kingdom and nation under heaven, to meet their Lord in the air.

On the other side of the mound and near the bodies of departed chiefs were poles to which were attached brass kettles, frying pans, baskets, bowls, sea-shells, bags of trinkets, and small bones.

These utensils were placed there with food in them, for the use of the deceased during their journey to the spirit-land, which was considered a long and dangerous one. The ornaments were offerings of friendship or affection for the dead.

During the last visit of Flying-leap, he was

unwearied in his efforts to enlighten these darkened minds, and rouse them from their superstitions to the worship of God in Christ.

The efforts of Father Creeny also had been greatly blessed. We are told by historians of that day, that after the death of the benign Chief whose son rescued the Itean captive, there was no other attempt to immolate a human victim. It is certain that from this time, they cultivated the arts of civilization. The duties of cleanliness and order were enjoined. The warriors turned their energies to hunting wild beasts instead of men, and by the sale of the skins to white traders increased their own wealth and social enjoyments.

But to return from our digression. The third day succeeding Leelinau's decease, her funeral was appointed to take place. According to Petalesharoo's request Walling-

ford made every arrangement for the burial. As at this season of the year intercourse with St. Louis was almost cut off, he had a box or coffin made and stained to look like rosewood. If he could have obtained flowers, he would have strewed them around her; but now he could only procure the branches of the sweet-scented pine which he mingled with a profusion of red waxy berries abundant in the forest, and laid them about the coffin.

With Iva's assistance he selected a dress of soft white cloth from her wardrobe; and he allowed Iva to intertwine among her tresses, some of the ornaments she had been accustomed to wear.

On the brow of the peaceful sleeper, there had settled a repose so sweet and calm that many who had turned away to weep came back again to rejoice.

Across her breast lay Edith's token,

"Thy word giveth light," little thought of when she wrought it with loving skill, as an ornament for the dead. There it lay, giving the answer to all who stood and wondered at the beautiful serenity which had taken the place of Leelinau's recent darkness and gloom.

One old squaw who had long been in Leelinau's lodge, came the day before the interment to weep and wail by herself.

Unperceived Wallingford sat in the corner of the room, where with the deepest interest he watched the poor, half enlightened woman, as in the warmth of her affection, she bemoaned the dead and her own loss.

"Leelinau, sweet princess, fairer than the flowers of Spring, why have you left us? We wander to the groves, and find you not. Why did you leave us to wander alone? The Land of the Blest is from

East to West, farther from one end to the other, than the hunting-grounds of our mighty chiefs. We can never find you ; never, never !”

Here the wailing was protracted, like a child in deep distress.

Longing to address a word of comfort to the weeping woman, Wallingford arose from his pile of mats and approached the couch.

The squaw instantly wiped her eyes, and pointing to the unconscious form, said calmly :

“ See, she sleeps.”

“ Yes, Wymtha. God giveth his beloved sleep ; but she will wake again in the morning of the resurrection when Christ, her King, will summon all those who have loved him on earth, and who have tried to obey his commands, to dwell with him forever in Paradise.”

Near the grave of little Iona, under the leafless branches of a grand old tree in that boundless forest, a resting-place was now prepared for the princess, Leelinau.

The day appointed for the burial was cold but uncommonly clear, even for the month of November. Before nine o'clock the brave men and warriors began to assemble; and by ten, the hour appointed to start for the grave, the crowd around the lodge was dense.

The door opened; and the coffin was borne out by four young warriors, who took their places at each corner of the litter or bier; and then every man, woman, and child present, in turn, stopped a moment near the coffin for one parting glance at the face of the dead.

At the head of the bier stood Wallingford, his face buried in his handkerchief, his head covered with Letelesha's well

known cap, ornamented with Eagle feathers. This was worn to show that he, a pale-face, honored the memory of his grandfather, the good Chief.

At length the signal for starting forward to the grave was given; and Petalesharoo was about to close the coffin, when Wallingford bent suddenly forward, and pressed his lips on the marble brow.

"Farewell, Leelinau," he murmured, "farewell till we meet in heaven."

Twelve young girls advanced in front of the coffin, and took their places, two and two, to march to the grave. Directly following the bier, Wallingford walked alone; after him, Petalesharoo with his bride Iva. Then the warriors arranged according to their rank; and after them the younger men, women and children.

The moment the march commenced, the twelve girls began their chant, which they

repeated over and over in their own language, till they reached the grave. As nearly as they can be interpreted, I will give the words so beautifully rendered by Schoolcraft. The song purported to be a call from Leelinau to those she left behind, and was chanted with deep feeling and pathos :

“I have found those happy plains,
Where the blessed Spirit reigns.
Such as by our wise men old,
All our fathers have foretold.
Streams of sparkling waters flow,
Pure and clear with silver glow ;
Woods and shady groves abound,
Long, sweet lawns and painted ground ;
Lakes, in winding shores extend,
Fruits with flowers inviting blend,
While throughout the greenwood groves
Gayest birds sing out their loves.
I will lead you, soul of love,
To those flowery haunts above.
Where no tears or pains are found,

Where no war-cry shakes the ground.
Where no mother hangs her head
Crying: 'Oh, my child is dead.'
Death is not admitted here,
Blue the skies and sweet the air.
Hunger is not here a guest,
All are happy, all are blest.
Come with me and we will rove
O'er those endless plains of love,
Full of flowers, gems and gold,
Where there is no heart that's cold;
Where there is no tear to dry
In a single human eye.
Follow me to Christ our Prince;
Christ but opes the door to bliss.

On reaching the open grave the chanting ceased; and Father Creeny taking a Bible from his pocket read the solemn words; "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." "Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at

the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible." "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

All stood silent. Every eye was fixed on the familiar countenance of the priest, as he closed the book and raised his hands in prayer to the great Master of Life.

Though there were some present who had never engaged in prayer, yet even the children knew of the Great Spirit, and realized the solemnity of the act. They listened, therefore, in reverent silence until the service ended.

Then came the solemn sound of the earth on the coffin, which had been reverently lowered into the grave, and the words from Father Greeny:

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," after which the crowd stood quiet until the

grave was filled, and the earth piled over it in a low mound.

Petalesharoo then lifted his eyes from the ground, and glancing over the assembled warriors, said in a clear voice, in his native language:

“Leelinau, our sister has gone from our sight. Our hearts grieve for ourselves. We cannot grieve for her. She is safe with Jesus whom she loved.

“Leelinau our sister is not here, she is risen.”

CHAPTER XX.

SUSPICION OF FRAUD.

HE last day of the old year had faded out, and the first day of the new year was ushered in by the ringing of bells, glad shouts of welcome, and in many of the churches in the city of Savannah, by a hymn of praise to the Creator.

New Year's Day was a festival; and our friends the Colchesters had been invited to spend it at Mr. Cahill's. At an early hour a carriage drew up before the door of Mr. Colchester's house, for near as it was, the gentleman was too feeble to walk; and Warner assisted his master to enter it. A few moments more and

the party, having arrived at the Rectory, were engaged in lively conversation.

"It is very strange we hear nothing from Mr. Wallingford," remarked the Rector, fixing a searching gaze on Edith.

Mrs. Cahill had just been remarking on the young lady's pale cheeks; but at this mention of her friend's name she grew paler still.

"Have you received an answer to your letter, Edith?—the one, I mean, you sent with mine?"

A faintly murmured, "No, sir," was her only answer.

"Come with me, my dear," said the Rector, giving Edith his arm, and leading the way to the study.

"Now," he added, seating her near him and patting her hand just as he did Nora's, "you must treat me with the frankness of a child talking to her father. My wife

has been fretting over your pallid cheeks. She insists that you are growing thin and that you work too hard. I say nothing; but I suspect there is something amiss. Tell me truly, my dear, has Wallingford trifled with your affections?"

"Oh, no, sir! no, indeed!" Vivid blushes took the place of Edith's pallor. She quickly hid her face in her hands, repeating vehemently, "No, sir. Oh, how could you think that?"

"I see I was at fault, my dear." His tone was puzzled and anxious, as he added, "but what does he mean by delaying to write?"

A burst of tears relieved the poor girl's overburdened heart.

"He was in danger," she faltered. "I cannot say more."

"But you must, my child. You must tell me all. There, don't cry! and keep

your griefs shut up in your own heart. I love Wallingford as if he were a brother, and if he is in trouble, I will get somebody to take the charge of my parish, and go in search of him; but you must tell me all."

She only shook her head, her whole form convulsed with sobs. For several weeks after receiving the journal she looked daily for farther tidings, but failing to receive them the idea of Mr. Wallingford's danger from the Pawnees gradually took possession of her mind.

This idea haunted her all day; and she only shut her eyes at night to dream of tomahawks and scalping knives. Anxious to conceal from her father that she was suffering, she feigned a gayety, that was not at all natural to her. While in his presence, she talked, laughed and sang more than usual; but when alone in her

chamber the oppression upon her spirits was almost more than she could endure.

In vain she sought to rouse herself by the reflection, "He has never sought my love." But though it was true that he had not done so in words, the tones of his voice, the winning softness of his manner, the pleading earnestness of his eye told a tale which found its echo in her own heart.

In vain pride suggested, "shame! shame! to bestow your affections unsought," love urged a stronger claim, "the terror of death to the beloved one."

It is not strange then that the questions of Mr. Cahill should open the sluiceways of grief. Nor that when once opened a torrent poured forth not easy to check.

Edith's sobs soon grew so violent that the Rector became alarmed, and after trying

in vain to soothe her, started to go in search of his wife.

The weeping girl clutched his hand, exclaiming: "Don't leave me! I shall be better soon."

He brought from the closet a bowl of water, dipped a napkin in it, and gave it to her to bathe her flushed face, standing quietly by until she could recover her self command.

This she did to his great relief much sooner than he expected. "You are very kind," she said at last. "I can only say in return, that it gives me less pain to have you the witness of such a scene than any one in the world. If my father even suspected my anxiety, it would kill him. I do not often indulge in the luxury of tears."

"I hope they will relieve you, my poor girl; but we wont talk about it now.

Some other time you will tell me concerning him."

"Never, sir; and if you really feel a father's interest in me, you will forget what has just occurred. I am going to put on my hat and shawl, and go home for an hour, or two. I will meet you at dinner."

When Mr. Cahill returned to the parlor, he found Mr. Colchester greatly excited over the contents of a letter Warner had just brought him from the Post office.

"Where is Edith?" he asked hurriedly. "I thought my daughter with you."

"She had on her hat when I last saw her," was the Rector's cool reply. Reflecting that the young lady had suffered too much from excitement, he resolved to give her time to recover her composure; "but," he added, "I have no doubt she will be here before dinner."

"You have been a true friend, Mr. Cahill," urged Mr. Colchester; "and if you do not object to listen to a sad story, I can foresee your counsel will be a great blessing in this emergency."

"Come with me to my study then."

The Rector drew forward for his guest the chair Edith had just vacated, wondering as he did so what the doating, silver-haired father would say, could he know what had just occurred in that room.

"You are already aware that I am a native of Lancastershire, England," Mr. Colchester began, folding the letter he had received, and putting it carefully into his pocket. "I have now to unfold to you a plot of fraud and conspiracy such as, for the sake of humanity, one would hope is seldom consummated.

"I can only give you the facts in brief.

"I was the second son of Sir Randall Colchester, a man beloved for his benevolence, and respected on account of his wealth and rank. Being only eleven months the junior of my brother, I was not privileged to receive the personal care of my mother. I was brought up by one of my father's tenants, until at the age of four years, I was adopted by my uncle, Lord Dexter Colchester, with the promise of being his heir.

"My childhood and youth passed happily away. I was entered at Cambridge in my eighteenth year, and after my graduation spent several years in travelling. It was only at long intervals that I visited my parents who lived at a distance from my uncle; and thus when repeated afflictions visited my family, I did not feel the loss of my relatives as I should have done had the intercourse been more frequent.

Indeed I scarcely knew more than the names of my younger brother and sister, and felt only the ordinary degree of interest when told that, by the terms of my father's will, his property which was not entailed, reverted in equal shares to the younger branches of the family. I was considered as fully provided for by the arrangements my uncle had consummated soon after I was received into his family.

"Being in Egypt with a party of travellers, I did not receive intelligence of my father's decease, which closely succeeded that of my mother, until a considerable time had passed.

"Six months later a letter from Warner, my uncle's valet and always my faithful friend, apprized me of his failing health, earnestly entreating me to return home without delay.

"I took the next steamer to Constantinople, and then journeyed toward England without an hour's unnecessary delay.

"It was true that Lord Dexter was feeble; but I saw nothing in his state to excite immediate alarm. I was glad indeed to be with him, for I saw that my society gave pleasure to him and to my aunt.

"Toward me they had ever exhibited the affection of loving parents, while I regarded them as a dutiful son ever does the beings to whom he owes his existence.

"I had only been at home a day or two, before Warner, my uncle's *valet de chambre*, sought me in my room, and carefully bolting the door gave me to understand that he had a communication for my private ear.

"I listened with due attention, but when he had finished laughed in his face.

“‘And is this,’ I enquired, ‘the cause of your summoning me to England with the speed of lightning? I expected to find my uncle very low, and am so relieved by his state of health that were I not expecting the friends with whom I have been travelling, on a visit to Yorkshire, I should return at once to Syria.’

“‘It is well you are intending to remain,’ he said, in the most impressive tone; ‘for I do solemnly assure you Mr. Dexter, (I was named for my uncle,) that there has been foul play during your absence.’

“‘What do you mean Warner?’

“‘I mean that your cousin, Mr. Giles Colchester, is resolved to supplant you, and become the heir to my lord’s estates. He has hired a cottage near the park-gates, and has so insinuated himself into the good graces of my lord that you

will not find it easy to enlighten my master as to his true character. His under valet too is a man I distrust.'

"I laughed heartily at my humble friend.

"‘Your attachment to me has made you suspicious of my cousin,’ I said. ‘I always liked Giles; and there is no reason, my uncle should not enjoy his nephew’s attentions.’

"Warner could not be beaten from his conviction of foul play, and grew almost angry with me for treating the danger to my own interests so lightly. But I was not naturally suspicious, and there was another reason why his confidences did not depress me."

CHAPTER XXI.

YEARS OF HAPPINESS.

OR fourteen months I had travelled with a party of my own countrymen, among whom was a Colonel retired from her Majesty's service. His name was Esterbrook, and he had a daughter who was my beau ideal of womanly excellence. I had watched her, studied her character until I was satisfied that she would make me happy; and I resolved to use every endeavor to render her so, should she consent to be mine. Just before Warner's summons reached me I had received from her own lips the assurance of her respect and affection. This with the approbation of Colonel Esterbrook

completed my happiness. You can therefore easily imagine that I had far pleasanter reflections to occupy my mind than those suggested by my friend Warner, and that after I left his presence, his warnings were scarcely remembered.

“Still they did recur to me upon receiving an early call from Giles and his wife; a lady I had never before met, and who, I am sorry to say, impressed me most unfavorably even during this first interview.

“Nothing could be more apparently cordial than my cousin’s manner of welcoming me; every sentiment of pleasure being echoed and re-echoed by Mrs. Giles. Afterwards in calling to mind what had passed, it occurred to me they said too much. Nothing in our former intercourse led me to expect such a sudden warmth and interest in my affairs.

"It was my intention to confide at once to my uncle and aunt the happiness in store for me. They laughed at my enthusiasm, called my description of my Edith extravagant, savoring more of angelic perfection than of erring humanity, but ended by cordially giving their consent, and urging my immediate union.

" 'Bring her to the Park,' said my uncle, 'and her father shall have a welcome too. I have long wished for a daughter, and if your Edith is half as lovely as you imagine, I shall like her famously.'

"The next morning my uncle summoned me to the library, a large, gloomy apartment where he kept his papers and transacted all his business with his tenants.

" 'When may we expect your queen of perfection,' he asked gayly. 'I have been consulting the war reports and find her father sustains a good character for brav-

ery. There is no stain on his record. I wouldn't like my name to be linked with one under a suspicion, even, of wrong doing. So you have my best wishes for your prosperity. There are some extra expenses attending nuptials; and I have drawn you a check over and above your usual allowance. As for the rest you may tell Colonel Esterbrook that every thing I have, goes to you when I am done with it. You will not have to wait long.' The last words were pronounced with some bitterness.

"'Uncle Dexter, my father, the only father I have known!' I exclaimed seizing his hand in great distress. 'Do not say such words in such a tone. You have been so generous, so noble in all your dealings with me that I do not need this,' trying to put the paper back into his hand. 'I have never lived up to my in-

come; and there is quite a fortune lying to my credit at your bankers'. Oh, uncle, you cannot suspect that I am impatient to undertake the responsibilities of a wealthy landholder! If you will indeed allow Edith to come here, we will devote ourselves so wholly to your comfort and that of my aunt that we shall cheat time of his prey, and, God willing, keep you far beyond the threescore years and ten.'

"My eyes were fixed full on his, as I uttered these words in an impassioned tone, and after regarding me a moment in silence, he said with emotion:

"'I believe you, Dexter. I fully believe you. My death would speedily follow the thought that instead of a son I had nursed a viper in my bosom, who would turn and sting the hand that fed him.'

"These words, coming from my uncle, overwhelmed me with distress.

“‘Uncle,’ I said rising from my seat and standing erect before him, ‘if I had ever, even in thought, given you occasion for such cutting sarcasm, I should sink to the earth and cover my head with shame; but God who sees my heart, knows I have always loved you as a tenderly nurtured child loves the hand who has ministered to his wants. Above all others you have been my standard of manly perfection. I wish I could bare my heart to your view that you might see my secret thoughts. How have I deserved such words from your lips?’

“He looked profoundly moved but did not answer; and after a moment I thrust the paper into his hand and rushed from the room. When I left my aunt, an hour before, how happy I was, secure of the confidence of my beloved relatives, and now how quickly clouds had overcast my sky.

"I wanted to be alone where I could breathe more freely. I had a tightening of the throat and lungs which I must get rid of before I met any one.

"Back of the house was a wide gravel walk which led off through a plot of flowers to a thick grove, and thither I hurried to reflect on what had passed. After half an hour I had come to the conclusion, 'Some enemy has poisoned my uncle's mind,' when I heard a step stealthily approaching from the house and coming directly toward me. I instinctively drew back behind a huge tree and watched the intruder.

"It was Mr. Giles Colchester, and if ever guilt was stamped on a man's face, it was written on his.

"Occasionally glancing behind him, as if fearing some one from the house would recognize him, he came stealthily on,

passing within twenty feet of the spot where I stood concealed, and on through the grove by an unfrequented path to his cottage.

“‘Warner was right,’ was my inward ejaculation. ‘There is foul play; and I am the destined victim.’

“I went to the stable, and ordering the hostler to saddle my own horse, I dashed off at my utmost speed, trying in this way to quell the excitement of my brain.

“When at the expiration of seven hours I returned, I found the whole house in alarm concerning my safety.

“Warner hurried me off to my aunt’s private boudoir, where I found her weeping over a packet of letters I had sent home from Eton. By these childish epistles as well as those of later years, she had been convincing my uncle that I had al-

ways been open, frank and ingenuous. She reminded him of the professions of religion I had made; and asked where was the motive to such base conduct as Giles had imputed to me.

“My absence of several hours had given him time to reflect on the improbability of my speculating with the Jews on the possibility of his decease, a habit he specially abhorred; and on my entrance he folded me to his heart with the fervor of a father’s love.

“He frankly asked me to forget what had passed; and I readily promised to do so on one condition. I insisted upon knowing who was my enemy, and my entreaties added to my aunt’s prevailed.

“Ever since Giles’ settlement in the cottage, he had by various hints and innuendoes endeavored to lessen my uncle’s confidence in me. My uncle suspected

that my sudden return made him fear for the success of his plot, and this was what had led him the day succeeding my return to visit the library, for the purpose of communicating some disagreeable facts as he called them in reference to myself.

“These Lord Dexter Colchester indignantly denied; but the poison of suspicion having entered his mind, had betrayed itself against his intention in his conversation with me. For these suspicions my uncle declared he could never forgive himself. My aunt tearfully added:

“‘No, we know Dexter too well to suspect him of such shameful practices.’

“I denied the whole *in toto*, offering to bring proof of my economy while abroad, and of the uniform correctness of my habits; but my uncle would not allow me to degrade myself or him, by proofs of what

he was already convinced was a tissue of slander. Once more, he offered me the check; but in this I could not oblige him; and in my presence the check for five thousand pounds was thrown into the flames. A similar check was afterwards given to my Edith on her wedding day. So ended the first and last difference between my kind uncle and myself.

“In due time Edith Esterbrook returned to her native country, which event was followed within six months by our marriage and her removal to the Park.

“Before this, however, Giles with his wife and two children, a son Melville and a daughter Mildred, took a sudden leave of the cottage they had leased for a term of years, and the next I heard of them they were on the continent.

“Ten years of calm happiness followed.

My uncle and aunt, under Edith's tender care, ripened into a green old age, often remarking that I had richly repaid all they had ever done for me by bringing them a daughter to be the comfort of their declining years.

"In the mean time three children were born to us, but only one, my daughter Edith, survived infancy. Upon this one the hearts of the aged people were set in a most unusual manner. They were so fondly proud of her beauty and talents, her quick wit and her amiable disposition that had it not been for the judicious training of her mother she might have become proud and selfish.

"I had studied law, but occupied myself at my uncle's solicitations in attending to his business. I had never practised, except in my duties as Justice of the Peace.

"In every particular my uncle consult-

ed my judgment in reference to his personal estates. Repeatedly he said:

“Dexter, I wish you to manage everything as if it were already your own. Should I be taken before my wife, I feel entire confidence in leaving her to Edith’s tender care. She has, as you know, a handsome jointure which she has settled on your wife. Everything that I leave is willed to you.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHASTENING ROD.



HE blow came at last. My uncle, full of years, and ripe in Christian faith and hope, died suddenly in consequence of a severe cold on his lungs.

“A few hours before his death his physician assured him he could not survive the day, adding, ‘if there is any preparation you have to make you had better attend to it at once.’

“Clasping my hand as I was bending over him, he said, speaking with great difficulty: ‘My duties of a pecuniary nature have not been postponed to my dying hour,’ then glancing toward my wife with a gaze of deep affection, added:

“‘You have richly merited all I have given you.’

“The afternoon succeeding the funeral was the time appointed for reading the will. I was rather surprised as I attended my aunt below, to see Mr. Giles Colchester in earnest debate with Mr. Goldsborough, my uncle’s attorney, whose duty it was to read the will. I received him, however, with sufficient cordiality to show that I remembered my duty as a host.

“We took our seats, my aunt very much broken by grief supporting herself against Edith, while I stood back from the rest, leaning on the mantel. I was calm, supposing myself to be perfectly acquainted with the provisions of the will, but my grief at the loss of my uncle outweighing far the pleasure accruing from the accession of wealth or rank.

“Judge, then, of my surprise when I

found that with the exception of twenty thousand pounds given to me, every dollar of my uncle's property, stocks, real estate and title were bequeathed to his beloved nephew Giles Colchester, to be held by him in trust for his children Melville and Mildred. With the title, and the Park, two thirds of the entire property went, after Giles' decease, to the son, the remainder to the daughter.

"At first I was stunned with the disappointment; but this feeling was presently absorbed in one bitter reflection, 'my uncle, my good, kind uncle, has deceived me.' I went out from that room crushed with the weight of years, and shutting myself into my chamber, for hours I refused admittance to all.

"At last a loud, imperative call summoned me to my aunt's apartment.

"Though feeble in body, her intellectual

faculties were unimpaired: and no sooner did she hear the will, so different from what she had been led to expect, than she agreed with Warner that there had been foul play, and that O'Neil was complicated in it."

Mr. Colchester paused and covered his face. "I cannot, I need not enlarge at this point. It is sufficient to say that Giles was arrogant, haughty and triumphant. Regard for public opinion alone prevented him from turning my aunt from her home; but he removed from her all that made life desirable, and she soon sank into her grave.

"I was earnestly advised to contest the will, and did not cease to do so until every pound of my legacy was swallowed up. I pursued my adversary with a bitterness, that, now as I reflect upon it, seems like insanity. Every servant at the Park with

one exception, had been dismissed; and there were facts brought to light at the trial, that served to fasten suspicion on the name of the new Lord. For instance, the man who had been retained in Lord Giles Colchester's employ, was a *valet de chambre* of my uncle, who had applied for the place during a temporary illness of Warner, and who made himself so indispensable to the old gentleman, that he was retained till his death.

“Warner, as I have before mentioned, always suspected him of being a villain, and took no great pains to disguise his sentiments. The day before the funeral, the valet, whose name was O'Neil, was very impertinent in his answer to me, which I, absorbed in grief, scarcely noticed; but Warner gave him a severe reproof, intimating that it was well for him to understand who was now his master.

“With a sneer O’Neil answered, ‘Mr. Dexter will never be master here.’

“‘Why not?’ shouted Warner, forgetting himself in his fury.

“‘Because,’ answered the valet, with a significant shrug, ‘Mr. Giles is to be the new Lord.’

“This testimony went to prove that the servant, and therefore his master were acquainted with the contents of the will.

“Meanwhile Giles spent his newly acquired wealth, as if he thought there could be no end to it. He tore down a part of my uncle’s house, and rebuilt it in the most extravagant style. Mrs. Colchester decked herself in jewels far better fitted for a crowned head than for her. Melville, at this time near seventeen years of age, was sent to Halle to complete his education, while for his sister, two years younger, the most expensive tutors were employed.

“The first affliction that befel them was the death of Mildred. She was drowned in a small lake near the Park, within a hundred rods of the house.

“It would have been happy for me,” continued Mr. Colchester, with a heavy sigh, “had I consented at once to leave Yorkshire for a residence on the continent. My wife warmly urged this course; but I was insane—a monomaniac, call it what you please,—on the subject of my uncle’s will. Probably Warner’s presence, and unavailing regrets aggravated the evil, by keeping the idea of conspiracy constantly before my mind. We lived only two miles from the Park, and therefore were continually learning of the extravagance of the new occupants.

“I had been to London on one occasion, and returning met Melville coming out of my house. Edith, then a child of ten

years, stood at the door, smilingly bidding her cousin adieu. I passed him with a chilling bow, and entered the parlor without speaking.

“‘Who invited Melville here?’ I asked sharply, ‘and who brought these flowers?’ I added as my eye fell on a beautiful bouquet of familiar blossoms.

“Edith came toward me, and seizing my hands, gazed wistfully in my face, as she answered:

“Melville brought them, papa.”

“‘Melville is wholly unlike his father,’ plead my wife. ‘He begged for the privilege of coming here occasionally during his vacation; he is so unhappy at home.’

“‘And what did you say?’

“‘I gave him permission. He is not to blame for his father’s crimes.’ She fixed her beautiful eyes on mine as she spoke, and then added:



MELVILLE BROUGHT THEM PAPA! Page 278.

“ ‘ My husband, let us give up this warfare. Let us cast out the serpent of suspicion from our bosoms. Let us cherish instead, the grace of forgiveness towards those who have injured us. We shall be far happier, and shall not then fear to ask the blessing of God upon our path.’ ”

“ Many times at longer and shorter intervals, my Edith continued to urge me to resign myself to my lot, pleading that she could be as happy in a cottage as in a palace, if I and her daughter were left her.

“ These exhortations were not without effect. Gradually I turned my attention to other objects. I forbade Warner to mention my cousin’s name ; and I spent hours each day teaching my little Edith.

“ We might have been happy then ; but ah, God knew what was best for me ! In love he chastened me to bring me back to

himself, to conquer a spirit of pride, and love of rank dominant in my breast. My dear wife, my better part, my helper, after a short illness was called away to her everlasting home. It so happened that Melville was at the Park for a month when my wife was taken ill; and nothing could exceed his attentions. I had heretofore forbidden my daughter to accept anything from the Park but flowers; now he urged so tearfully that Aunt Edith would be better for some grapes, or peaches or some other dainties, that gazing in my wife's peaceful eyes beaming with the light of heaven, I could not refuse.

“At the last Melville kneeled with us around the bed of the dying saint, and shed his tears with ours, when she fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

“Every morning when I, accompanied by my daughter Edith, visited the quiet

grave of our loved one, we found fresh flowers had been strewn there by an earlier visitor; but at length Melville's visits to us and to the grave ceased.

"One evening we were just retiring to rest when the door was burst open, and the young man appeared, his eyes wildly protruded, his cheeks pallid with excitement:

"He seized my hand and pressing it till the grasp became painful, exclaimed:

"'I am going away! I cannot live at the Park! Uncle! Edith! promise me that whatever comes, you will never believe that I—that I—O what shall I say? I fear I shall lose my senses. For Aunt Edith's sake remember me kindly. Farewell!'"

"He dropped my hands, caught his cousin Edith to his heart, held her there one minute, and was gone before we could

learn what had occurred to cause this strange outbreak.

“In a few days, Warner, who had ways of his own for learning whatever transpired at the Park, ascertained that there had been a rupture between Giles and his son, which ended in Melville’s threatening to leave the parental roof. His mother wrung her hands, and with showers of tears, plead with him not to leave them; but he firmly answered:

“‘You know the only condition on which I will ever return.’

“He would not even accept a carriage to take him to London, but departed alone and on foot, calling on us on his way.

“That was the last time I ever saw my nephew who, I was constrained to believe, suspected at least his father’s crime, and abhorred it.

“Now that you know these facts, you will

not wonder that I was agitated on receiving this letter from him, endorsed by Lord Giles Colchester."

The silver-haired man placed in Mr. Cahill's hands a formal proposal of marriage from Melville to his cousin Edith. The suit was warmly urged by the young man, who declared he could not remember the hour when he began to love her.

His father's letter was brief and to the point. It ran thus:

"I give my unqualified consent to my son's proposals. Edith shall be received and welcomed in the place of our lost Mildred."

For some moments after reading these letters, Mr. Cahill sat absorbed in thought.

"How will Edith receive this offer?" he asked himself. "Wallingford, your suit is in danger."

"I confess my heart goes forth to the young man," resumed Mr. Colchester. "I

wonder that this way of adjusting our family difficulties never occurred to me. However Edith must decide for herself. I shall never force her inclinations."

"She is not a girl to submit to force," was the Rector's reflection, "she would die first."

"I wonder where my daughter can be," murmured the visitor.

"Shall I find her and send her to you here? or may I suggest that you postpone the delivery of the letter until your return home; you will then have ample time for reflection before the next steamer sails for Liverpool."

After a moment's hesitation Mr. Colchester folded the letter again, and returned it to his pocket.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRIEF EPISTLE.



IN the evening when they were once more by their own fireside, Edith said:

"Warner tells me, papa, that he brought you a letter with a foreign stamp."

"Yes, my daughter, forwarded to this city from Montreal."

"Who was the letter from, papa?"

Instead of answering he asked suddenly:

"Edith, do you remember your cousin Melville?"

Now as it had been agreed between the three, father, child and servant, that the old cares and vexations should be left behind them, when they embarked for the

Provinces, and as during the year and a half of their residence in Montreal, no reference had been made to her uncle's family, the young girl's start of surprise at the mention of the once familiar name, may be easily imagined. But after a moment she answered, smiling:

"Certainly, but I should scarcely know him now."

"And yet he was very fond of you, my daughter."

"Yes," with a yawn behind her hand. "I think I used to be fond of him; and, let me think, what did mamma say to me about my cousin?"

Edith fixed her eyes thoughtfully on the fire, (necessary morning and evening in that climate,) trying to recall the events connected with that painful scene.

"Yes, it was the day before mamma died. Melville had brought a bunch of

grapes from the Park, and was feeding her with them one by one, when she stopped him, and put our hands together."

"'Love her, Melville,' she said. 'She is a dear child, and she will soon be motherless.'

"I recollect," Edith added after a pause of painful memories, "that I threw my arms around Melville's neck, and wept as if my heart would break. Oh, how sad those days were! Why revive them, papa?"

"I have a reason, my dear, which I will tell you presently."

The door opened, and Warner entered.

"I'm getting old and forgetful, Miss Edith," he said, holding out a letter. "This came with Master's this morning. I put 'em both in my pocket together; but I was so taken up with seeing our Queen's head on the stamp, I never thought of this one."

Edith seized it so eagerly she almost crushed it in her grasp.

"I hope the news you heard was good news," Warner said, addressing his master.

"I shall tell you about it by-and-by," Mr. Colchester answered evasively.

"Edith, where is Edith?" he added, hearing the door shut. "Why, what has happened?"

By this time the young girl was in her chamber. Tearing open the envelope, she saw at a glance that instead of many sheets, like Mr. Wallingford's last, this was all embraced in a few words.

It was dated, "Midnight, November 23."

"I have an opportunity," the letter began, "to forward a letter to St. Louis, by one of the traders who is here collecting furs, and embrace it to say, I have met my mother. She has not the comfort of religion. It must be, it is my

first duty to remain with her. Oh, that you were here to administer to a mind darkened by doubts and fears! I have much to say to you; but dare not lose this opportunity to send a few lines as travelling becomes more and more difficult after this season. Pray for me, dear Edith, and pray for poor Leelinau.

“WALLINGFORD.”

The lines had evidently been written in haste, and the address was so illegible that it had travelled from one place to another until some postmaster had crossed it out and written “Savannah” in large letters.

It was certainly very naughty of Edith. I am very sorry to tell tales of her. No wonder the blushes mounted to her very brow; but she pressed the brief epistle to her heart, and then to her lips.

“He is safe then; he has not forgotten

his fellow traveller. Oh how thankful I am!"

It was nearly half an hour before she recalled to mind the fact, that she had left her father very abruptly. She approached the mirror and was half vexed that her eyes shone so brightly. She feared lest some one should guess her secret joy.

A knock at her chamber door, and Warner reminded her that the hour was growing late and that her father was impatient for her return to the parlor.

If Mr. Colchester could have known what was passing in his daughter's mind, he would have waited a more favorable opportunity to present her cousin's proposals, which, every moment he thought of them, he became more desirous she should accept. But he did not even guess that her heart was not her own. He had indeed

become familiar with the name of Wallingford in consequence of hearing it repeatedly from Mr. Cahill; but for aught he knew, the gentleman was a man of family or advanced in years. Edith had seldom mentioned him.

"I was just about to tell you," he said, smilingly welcoming her to a seat near him, "that I have received a letter for you from your cousin Melville. My daughter, you look more and more like your mother. She had just such a beam in her brown eye. You need a mother now, my dear.

"Did you say the letter was to me, papa? Please let me see it, unless you have resolved to return it unread, which I hope for mamma's sake you will not do."

"No, no, child, I have read it already, and give you my consent to act exactly as your heart prompts in this matter."

Edith took the sheet and perused it with undisguised merriment.

"Thank you, papa, for giving me liberty to answer as I please. Melville is a good, kind cousin, no doubt; but after an absence of,—let me see, I was ten or near it, when he went away, and now I am eighteen,—an absence of eight years, it cannot be expected that I should feel very anxious for a nearer connection. He must be unusually hopeful to expect that."

She met her father's saddened eye, and perceiving that he still held a paper supposed that it contained something painful.

"What is it, papa?" reaching out her hand. "Let me read it and throw it behind the grate. We are so happy here, we don't want any change, do we?"

Her face flushed indignantly as she read:

"I give my unqualified consent to my son's proposals."

"What nonsense! Does he suppose that I will go back to the Park and live there with his Lordship?" She was tossing the letter into the flames when her father caught her hand.

"Edith, you are too hasty. I am disappointed. If I could see you restored to your rights; I should die in peace. I have prayed for many a year that this might be. Perhaps God is answering my prayers in this way."

Edith sat like one stupified. Such words coming from her father's lips not only surprised but pained her exceedingly. "Would my father?" she asked herself, "see me married to my cousin, sacrifice everything that makes life dear in order to wring from Lord Dexter what he has ungraciously wrested from us? No, I have misunderstood him, it cannot be."

"You are weary, papa. There is a flush

on your cheek which I do not like. In the morning we will talk about Melville. Good night, papa; I will send Warner to you directly."

She kissed him as she spoke, putting back affectionately a lock of silver hair, fallen over his brow, and before he could stop her, she was half way to the dining-room where the servant sat reading his paper.

At eight o'clock in the morning her first pupil came, and from that time till six at night, her father waited to recall Edith's attention to the subject of Melville's suit.

The moment tea was served he desired her to accompany him to the parlor.

"Have you decided?" he inquired anxiously.

"Decided what, papa?"

"I refer to your cousin's proposals, Edith. I have viewed them in every possible light.

Giles is many years my senior, and therefore in the course of nature cannot long survive."

"Papa, why will you talk so? You are young yet. It is only this crown of glory which makes you look old." She lifted the locks tenderly.

"Well, my dear, I was going to say that if Giles will advance money for Melville to live independently of him, it would be a relief to my mind that you can never suspect, to see you once more in the sphere to which you belong."

"Papa," every word was low but clear, "papa, if Lord Giles Colchester would give his son every pound he is worth, on condition I would marry him, I would not consent."

"Why not, Edith?"

"Because I don't love him."

She turned on her heel, and was walk-

ing toward the piano, when her father said:

"My daughter, I know you do not intend to grieve me. You have been my comfort, my only solace, too long for me not to understand that. But I must be frank with you. Melville's proposals are honorable and deserve some consideration from you. Stay, do not speak yet, you are young; you are excited. You do not understand your own heart."

"Unfortunately I understand it too well," was the poor girl's mental comment.

"I will not take what you said just now as an answer. I will give you time to ponder the subject."

"Papa, dear papa," Edith began, when seeing his flushed, anxious face she checked herself, and only adding, "thank you," ran her fingers over the keys, as a precursor to a song.

Her father listened and wondered. Her music was so joyful, triumphant, even the tones of her voice thrilled with exultation.

"Just so I could sing," he said to himself, "if I could see Edith mistress of the Park."

One song followed another, each in the same jubilant strain, and when she rose and came toward him, her countenance beamed with joy.

She seated herself at his feet and gazed up into his face.

"I am happy to-night, papa."

"So I perceive, my daughter."

"Only think, dear papa, how God has blessed us. Five months ago how dark our prospect was! You were feeble, I could not earn enough to support us comfortably. We all disliked the cold climate; and we did not find too many friends. Now, how different! We have a delightful

home, where the warm breezes will soon restore you. I have plenty of remunerative employment, kind friends, and everything congenial. God is very good to me, papa. My heart is full of hallelujahs!"

"I thank God, my child. If you are happy, it is all I ask."

"But are you not happy too, papa? I thought I had never seen you more so than yesterday after that long theological discussion with Mr. Cahill."

"Yes, my child, I am always happy when I see you so. But it is growing late, and you may bring the Bible for prayers."

Edith arose, summoned Warner and their colored cook, then joined with the others in devotion. "Oh," she said to herself, "with what fervor my father pours out his heart before God."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEATH OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

BEFORE morning Mr. Colchester was seized with an attack of fever, and for nearly a fortnight did not leave his bed. Every moment that Edith could command from her pupils, was spent by his side; and for the rest, Warner's hand was as soft, and his step as light as a woman's.

The gentleman was at no time very ill; but in his feeble state, the fever prostrated and depressed him.

It was his daughter's delight to smooth his white locks, to sing low lullabies, to read entertaining news. For this purpose Warner was commissioned one day to pur-

chase a copy of the London Times; and Edith having a full hour at command drew a chair near the bed, and sat down to skim from its columns whatever might amuse or interest her patient. Passing over "Lord B's, and Lord M's speeches in Parliament," "Disagreement in the House of Lords," etc., etc., she came at length to "Items," and laughing merrily, read:

"The Earl of Manning with his beautiful Countess are passing the honey-moon on his ancestral estates in Scotland."

"On Saturday, Nov. 8th, a child of Sir Monson Smith was run over and dangerously injured. It is reported that he cannot survive many hours.

With a passing comment, "Poor little dear!" Edith's eye glanced on.

Presently with a scream, she sprang to her feet, exclaiming: "Papa, what was the date of that letter from Lord Giles?"

"The twentieth of October, dear. If we had remained in Montreal a week longer, we should have received it two months sooner."

Edith's eyes were fastened on the sheet; and she did not appear to be listening.

"What is it?" he asked, petulantly. "Is there anything about my cousin?"

The paper dropped to the floor, and Edith's head fell forward on the pillow, where a burst of tears gave evidence of some unusual agitation.

"Give me the paper, my daughter. There is nothing concerning his Lordship which need thus affect you."

"Except his death," murmured Edith, raising herself. "Forgive me, papa. I quite forgot you were suffering from suspense. The news is startling; and I fear in your weak state you cannot bear it."

"Tell me, child."

She caught up the paper, found the paragraph and with a quivering voice read the following:

“FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE TRAGEDY.

“After a night of terrible distress both of body and mind, Mr. Giles, or Lord Giles Colchester, as he has called himself, died this morning. During his last hours he made a full confession of his crimes, corroborating in every particular the previous confession of O’Neil. Efforts for the discovery of Lord Dexter Colchester, are being vigorously prosecuted in every quarter. The confession of the conspirators will be found on the fourth page of this sheet.”

During the reading, the sick man lay quietly on his pillow with his eyes closed. When his daughter turned to him to ask:

“Shall I read the confession?” his pale

face alarmed her, and she quickly bent over him.

"Call, Warner," he said, in an unsteady voice.

The faithful servant came and listened to a brief report of Giles Colchester's death from Edith's lips.

"God is righteous in his judgments."

The sick man said this as he met Warner's sympathizing eye. "I have sinned, grievously sinned that I ever doubted his justice."

"But how did they get that infamous will?" questioned the old servant in an excited tone. "I set O'Neil down for a villain the first time I ever saw him. Read it out, Miss Edith, please."

"This is O'Neil's confession, papa."

"I was hired by Giles Colchester to do a nasty job. I was valet under a man named Warner. My business with Giles

was to obtain possession of a will, Lord Dexter Colchester had drawn in his favor. Everything had been formerly willed to my Lord's nephew, Mr. Dexter; but Giles worked upon his uncle, telling him, his heir was making ducks and drakes of his money by giving post-obits to the Jews, so that in a fit of displeasure, my Lord sent for his lawyer, Goldsborough, and had a will drawn up making over the estate to Giles. This will was not signed and Giles was pretty sure it never would be, on account of my Lady being so fond of her nephew and disbelieving the stories. As good or bad luck would have it, Warner was taken sick; and I had my own way with my Lord. I obtained possession of his keys and soon abstracted the unsigned will from his private secretary. In the same way I obtained possession of another important fact which

was that there was another will leaving the Park, landed interest, and stocks to his beloved nephew Dexter Colchester. This document was duly signed and executed, and my orders from Giles were to keep a good look out for it that it might be missing at the proper time.

“It was weary waiting so many years; but at last my Lord died, and the right will being no where, the attorney seized on the other as the last. It was all signed, sealed and witnessed in due form.

The lawyer quizzed and puzzled over the signatures; but the counterfeit was too exact for detection. It had taken Giles years to copy the three names, and he had done it well. On the trial the witnesses were cross-questioned; “Did you sign a document for Lord Dexter purporting to be his will?”

“‘I did.’

“‘Is this your signature?’

“They looks at it, and says, ‘“Yes, your Honor, it is.’ It was the other will they signed; but they didn’t know the difference.

“Giles was to give me five thousand pounds down, when the business was safely through; and I was to have a home with him as long as I wished. We got tired of each other’s company after a while, and my Lady, who knew all the secrets, began to be impertinent and ungrateful. I don’t like to think of all the scenes I was a witness to. Mildred the daughter was drowned and Melville left the house. He suspected too much for his own comfort. At last words grew high between me and the man I called master; though in truth I was master, and he was slave. He called me names I did not deserve; and I resolved to be revenged. I watched my chance

when he wasn't quite himself, and having fortified my courage with a glass or two extra, I gave him a stab. That's all I have to say."

It was a mild day in the early part of February. Mr. Cahill sat at his desk in the study belonging to the Rectory, when Georgy burst open the door exclaiming:

"Papa, Mr. Wallingford has come!"

The Rector sprang up in such haste that he upset a chair in his way, and hastened to meet and welcome his visitor.

"Why, Wallingford, you look like a ghost of your former self! Where have you come from?" cried Mrs. Cahill hurrying into the room and extending her hand with friendly warmth.

"I have not been well, certainly," said the visitor, sinking back into a chair. "I

have had what my physicians call acclimating fever."

"When did you reach Savannah?"

"Last evening."

"And do you know? has Mr. Cahill told you, about the Colchesters?"

"Not a word."

"Then you must take lunch with us. I positively wont tell you a word until you have had something to bring the color back to your cheeks. You will require all your strength to sustain the wonderful news."

"Your friend Edith has a new title since you left Savannah," murmured Georgianna in his ear.

"Be quiet, Georgy. Stop quizzing at once, and come with Mr. Wallingford, to the dining-room."

"Yes, run along," said her father. "We will follow." He had not been an unmov-

ed spectator of his friend's distress at his daughter's suggestion, and resolved to relieve him from his ill-grounded apprehensions.

"Mr. Colchester has recovered his fortune and with it his title," he said, when they were alone.

He noticed with pleasure the quick gasp of relief and asked, "Have you not received Edith's letter announcing her intention of returning to England?"

"Not a word. When did she leave the country?"

"They sailed from Savannah the middle of January. I have a letter in my desk directed to you. Will you have it now?"

"Mr. Cahill, you give me credit for good nature when you ask that question. Of course, I wish it at once."

"Now, my dear, you have spoiled my pleasure," exclaimed the lady, when her

husband entered the dining-room alone. Where have you left Mr. Wallingford?"

"In the parlor, reading a letter from Edith, which I was requested to keep for him."

"Mr. Cahill, is it, or is it not, the part of a good husband to confide in his wife?"

"To confide his own secrets by all means; but here comes our guest, who will need all your attention."

"By no means," Mrs. Cahill," added Wallingford, advancing with a smile. "If you will give me a cup of coffee I will thank you. The steamer leaves in the morning, and I must engage passage for New York."

"I cannot say I am surprised," remarked the Rector. But let me advise you. Economize your strength. Rest yourself here; and I will make every necessary arrangement. My wife has a budget of news

which she is most anxious to get rid of." Mr. Wallingford warmly expressed his gratitude, and resigned himself to the lady's care with a smile.

She arranged the pillows, shaded the light from his eyes, and having dismissed her daughters took a chair near the sofa, resolved to improve this last opportunity to penetrate the mystery concerning Edith and her lover.

In regard to his own private history the Englishman was reserved, explaining that when he first met Miss Colchester, he was on his way to the West on business which demanded his prompt attention. He confessed frankly that he loved Edith, and meant to win her if he could.

"Did Mr. Cahill tell you that you have a rival, a formidable one, too? Mr. Melville Colchester, her father's cousin. He left his father's home on account of his

sympathy with Edith. Warner insists that his mistress wished the match, and though the cousins were only children, joined their hands in hers before she died.

"I don't mean to intimate that I believe Edith will marry her cousin," added Mrs. Cahill, when she had tortured her victim as much as she wished, "I think her heart is pre-occupied. By whom, it is not for me to say."

"Does her father advocate her cousin's claims?"

"He did warmly, before he knew of Mr. Giles Colchester's death, and even afterward he urged that by uniting herself with him, the title and estate could be kept together, as Melville is the next male heir. He is a thorough Englishman," laughing heartily. "It was astonishing how he rallied when he heard the news. I had no idea he had so much family pride."

“And Edith?”

“I believe Edith really regretted leaving Savannah. She urged her father to remain until spring; but both he and Warner were impatient to be off.”



CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRAVELLERS' RETURN.



THE noble steamer Europa lay at the wharf. The rumble of heavy baggage over the deck, the hurrying of passengers to and fro, the groups standing near the state-room doors watching the ever increasing crowd, hacks driving furiously down to the ship and unloading their living freight, men, women and children, following the waiters, who, with keys in their hands, are finding the corresponding numbers on the doors,—all announce that the time of sailing is at hand.

A gentleman standing at the bow of the boat is idly watching the arrival of passengers. His form is erect, and his eye

keen, but his cheeks are pale and sunken, and he has the air of one whose thoughts are far away.

Every moment now is important to those about to embark. The sound of the steam whistling and shrieking is deafening, the passengers are getting frantic, one running this way and another that, until the confusion of voices reminds one of Babel.

Just at this crisis the traveller perceives a carriage driving toward the wharf at headlong speed, the hackman waving his hat as he sees the gangway steps are about to be drawn on board ship. The steaming horses haul up suddenly at the pier, and the steps are let down. First an aged serving man alights, next a young lady jumps to the ground, closely veiled, giving a shawl and carpet bag to the servant, and they all stand near the door to assist an invalid from the carriage. It

is evident to the watcher that he is too weak to walk from the pier to the deck. The hackman understands this, and runs on board the steamer for assistance, when with the aid of a chair, the sick man is conveyed safely on deck, and along to the door of his state room, where he is presently lost to view.

There is nothing unusual in all this; yet the lonely traveller keeps his eyes fixed upon the strangers as long as they are in sight, and sighs when the door is shut upon them. Instead of retiring at once to his state-room, as he was intending, he promenades the saloon, peering anxiously through every veil, which obscures the features of the fair passengers.

At last, baffled in his search, he visits the Captain's office to record his name, and to examine the list of passengers.

Among the first entries his eyes fasten

on one, written in a bold, inelegant chi-rography. It is this:

“Lord Dexter Colchester, daughter and servant.”

“The old gentleman who was brought on board in a chair,” remarks the Captain in a friendly tone. “His servant engaged their passage and entered their names.”

“Yes, I am aware,”—murmured the other, turning quickly away.

He hastily wrote a few words on a card, and having ascertained the number of Miss Colchester's state-room, sent a stewardess with it to her. The words were merely these:

“Command my services, Edith, if you need them during our voyage.

“WALLINGFORD.”

Standing where he could command a view of her door, the gentleman presently saw a bright face peep out, and glance

expectant up and down the saloon. He stepped quickly forward, and grasped her hand, holding it firmly between his own.

"May I claim this?" he asked, after one long, searching gaze into her face.

"If you think it worth claiming."

And this was their betrothal.

For one moment the deck of the vessel seemed whirling, while the passengers, himself among the rest, floated mid air; but this might be accounted for by Mr. Wallingford's recent illness. What did he care who might be observing them? He raised the taper fingers to his lips, sighing with the excess of his happiness.

"At last," he murmured, "at last I am free to tell you."

But Edith, blushing, interrupted him:

"Papa is here. He has been very ill. We expected to sail in the Britannia, but he was unable to leave his bed."

"I am afraid I am not as sorry as I ought to be," was the arch reply, "since it gives me the pleasure of taking the voyage with you. But will you not walk with me?"

"I will see whether papa needs me. Warner is with him. You remember Warner."

"Perfectly."

She knocked at the door of her father's state-room which was next her own.

"How do you feel, papa? I have met a friend on board. You have heard Mr. Cahill speak of Mr. Wallingford. You remember, Warner, the one who offered to protect me on the way to Savannah. He is returning to England by this steamer."

"You must apologize to him, Edith, that I do not admit him at once to thank him for his kindness to us. To-morrow I shall hope for the pleasure."

"Do you need me now, papa?"

"No, my dear, Warner is unpacking what is necessary, and then I shall try to rest.

"Did Mr. Cahill tell you about us? Were you surprised to find we had left Savannah?" inquired Edith, glancing timidly in her companion's face.

"I dare not tell you how disappointed I was, when on passing your house, I saw the words "TO LET" conspicuous in all the windows."

"Tell me about Leelinau."

"She died the death of a Christian," he exclaimed, with a triumphant smile. "She died with the name of Jesus on her lips,—Jesus whom she adored as her Saviour. She died blessing you too, my Edith, blessing you for your faithfulness to her son. Shall I ever cease to bless you, my darling? I never pray

for a blessing on myself that the thought of one dearer than self does not mingle with my supplications."

The young girl lifted her eyes misty with tears to his face, but did not speak, and presently he went on:

"Soon after my mother was laid away to her rest, I started in company with some American traders, who, during the winter, visit the Indian tribes to buy furs for St. Louis. The rivers were frozen and dangerous. It was a perilous journey. But for a precious reward in prospect I would have tarried with Petalesharoo till spring; indeed, I feared at one time, I should be obliged to do so. In St. Louis I was taken sick with what was called acclimating fever. Father Creeny, who had preceded me to that city, watched me with the tenderness of a natural father. In the words of our own poet,

‘Six days I lay

In that strange borderland, so he who watched
Unwearied as an angel, day and night,
Beside my pillow, told me when I woke
From the fruition of celestial love,
To drink in, like a thirsty traveller
The sweetness of thy human love once more—
Never so sweet as now. They sin who deem
There can be discord betwixt love and love.’

“Oh, Edith, now that you have given me a right to do so, I may tell you what a sore trial it was to leave you in Savannah without some pledge of your affection. Nothing but a stern sense of duty restrained me. I knew not but my mother’s situation might require my presence for years. I had taken a solemn vow after learning from my father’s long sealed package that I had a mother, to allow nothing of pleasure—of self-advantage to detain me from the holy duty my father had enjoined on me. I have always thought he must

have had a presentiment of death before he left England, so exact was every arrangement of his business. Poor Leelinau, has always fancied herself the cause, as if she had consented to return with him, she argued that her love could have held him back from death."

"Oh, how much she must have suffered from such vain regrets!" faltered Edith, deeply moved.

"Shall I tell you my mother's last regret in her dying hour? It was that she could not once hold to her heart the dear one her Blackbird loved, and whose affection for him would, she hoped, comfort him after her death. Edith, how she would have delighted in you!"

The next morning on reaching the saloon, our young friend found Mr. Wallingford seated near the table reading from a Bible which lay there. When he saw her,

he invited her to join him, and together they read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, together with the ninety-first Psalm. Then he took a small package from his breast-pocket and presented it to her.

"It is Leelinau's gift, a gift of love to her daughter, she said, I know not what it contains."

Edith's cheeks vied in color with the richest rose, as she tremblingly untied the string.

A flat paper box inside the wrapper contained a beautiful set of jewelry, Flying-leap's bridal gift to his Princess. There was a necklace, bracelets, brooch and earrings of coral and gold, prettily designed and of exquisite workmanship. There was also a ring of great value, the sight of which deeply affected Wallingford, as he had often seen it on his mother's finger, and had heard her say her husband brought

it when he last visited her. This the lover asked permission to put on Edith's finger, until he could replace it with another.

"I brought away some fancy moccasins," he said, when the rest of the jewelry had been carefully replaced in the box. "I was obliged to guess at the size," he added smiling, as he glanced at the tip of a tiny boot below her dress. "When I unpack my trunk, we shall see whether I guessed aright."

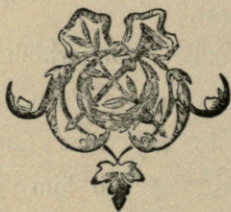
After breakfast, for which Edith began to feel some disgust, Warner came to Mr. Wallingford to say that Lord Colchester would be glad to see him in his state-room.

Edith was with her father, but after introducing her friend, she left them alone.

Half an hour,—an hour passed,—and still the interview was prolonged. Through the partition which divided the room from

hers, she could hear a low murmur of voices, and at last the sound of prayer. She clasped her hands and listened intently.

“Oh, what a blessing!” she murmured, “what a blessing to my poor father!”



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SEQUEL.

 HIS was indeed so, as Lord Colchester often afterwards averred; but I must briefly explain. The news of his sudden accession to rank and fortune occasioned feelings of pride in the heart of the Englishman; pride which in former years had been his besetting sin, and against the cherishing of which his devoted Christian wife had often warned him. During the years of his dependence his pride had been so effectually subdued that he thought it quelled; but the moment Melville's proposals to his daughter opened a way for him to return to his former position in society, the old enemy rallied in all his strength.

During their journey from Savannah to New York, Warner by his pretentious display of his master's rank, fostered the pride and arrogance which were so painful to Edith. On reaching their destination Mr. Colchester cautioned his daughter against any reference to her late employment. This exhibition of pride so deeply pained the young girl that she wept bitterly.

But Mr. Colchester was a Christian; and therefore he was not long left to cherish sin, rolling it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He had scarcely reached his hotel, before he was seized with an alarming illness which for a time baffled the skill of his physicians. He went down to the gates of death, where in the near prospect of eternity, he viewed life as it is. The vanity and folly of setting a value on such merely adventitious

circumstances as rank or wealth appeared as they had never done before. He mourned his own wickedness. He prayed for strength to be delivered from his old adversary. He confessed his sin, not only to his Maker, but to his daughter and to Warner. He resolved that if his life was spared, this wealth his heavenly Father had bestowed should be used in advancing Christ's kingdom. At the time he was carried on board ship it would have been difficult to find a meeker, more humble Christian.

Was it a wonder then, that Edith exclaimed, on hearing Mr. Wallingford's voice in prayer :

"Oh, what a blessing to my poor father !"

Truly during the fourteen days of their voyage, she found the truth of the inspired declaration :

“A word spoken in due season, how good it is!”

For hours together, Mr. Wallingford lingered by the side of the invalid, reading to him, or discussing those high and holy themes, dear to the heart of both.

Sometimes they talked of Edith, who, after the first day was unfortunately confined to her berth with sea-sickness; and here again they were united in sentiment. Mr. Colchester had listened to the lover's confession; and after Edith's blushing avowal of affection, he gave them his approbation.

It was indeed, an immense relief to the feeble man, to have at his side, one with whom he could form plans to govern him on his arrival in England, and at length it was resolved that Lord Colchester and his daughter, should remain quietly in London, while Mr. Wallingford sought Melville and informed him of his cousin's arrival.

It was now three months since the infuriated O'Neil had sought to end his master's life. Beyond the facts contained in "The London Times," they as yet knew nothing.

Once in London, Mr. Wallingford only waited to take lodgings for his friends, and to secure board at a hotel near them, before he waited upon Mr. Goldsborough, the attorney who had been employed to make Lord Dexter's will.

Here he ascertained from the clerk, that no answers having been received from advertisements sent to Montreal, the city where they were last heard from, the Park had been let for a year, as Melville positively refused to remain there. He and his mother were now living in cheap lodgings in Kensington Road, the young man being now her only support.

From the office of the attorney, Mr.

Wallingford drove at once to Kensington, but saw only Mrs. Colchester. He left word, however, for the lawyer to call at his hotel on business connected with the late disastrous events.

As he expected, this message brought the young lawyer without an hour's delay, after his return from his office.

He was a gentleman of frank, pleasing manners, who quickly won his way to Mr. Wallingford's heart, by the terms in which he spoke of his cousin Edith.

He appeared embarrassed only when his father's name was mentioned, confessed that the suspicion of conspiracy between his father and O'Neil was the cause of his leaving home; that, though absent, he had never ceased to urge the restoration of the estates to the rightful heirs. It was his opinion that his father, during the latter years of his life, deeply regretted the course he had

pursued, which had brought no happiness, but continued misery on himself and family,—that he would have been glad to compromise, by having Edith become his daughter, and then leaving his estates to her.

The interview between Melville and his relatives was at first exceedingly painful; but Edith did not allow her cousin to leave until she had convinced him that the memory of his early kindness had never been effaced.

Mr. Wallingford also assured him that he would be a welcome visitor at Yorkshire, to which they were intending to proceed directly after their marriage.

The next morning, Mr. Goldsborough called upon Lord Colchester, offering his hearty congratulations upon the recent discoveries.

“In a business-point of view,” he remarked, “Giles has not done injury to the

estate. For a year or two he was very extravagant, but of late, has been almost miserly in his desire to preserve the property intact.

O'Neil, too, was made to disgorge seven thousand pounds, which his threats of proclaiming the fraud, had wrung from his master."

Before he left, the attorney placed in Lord Colchester's hands, the will by which his uncle left him heir of all that he possessed.

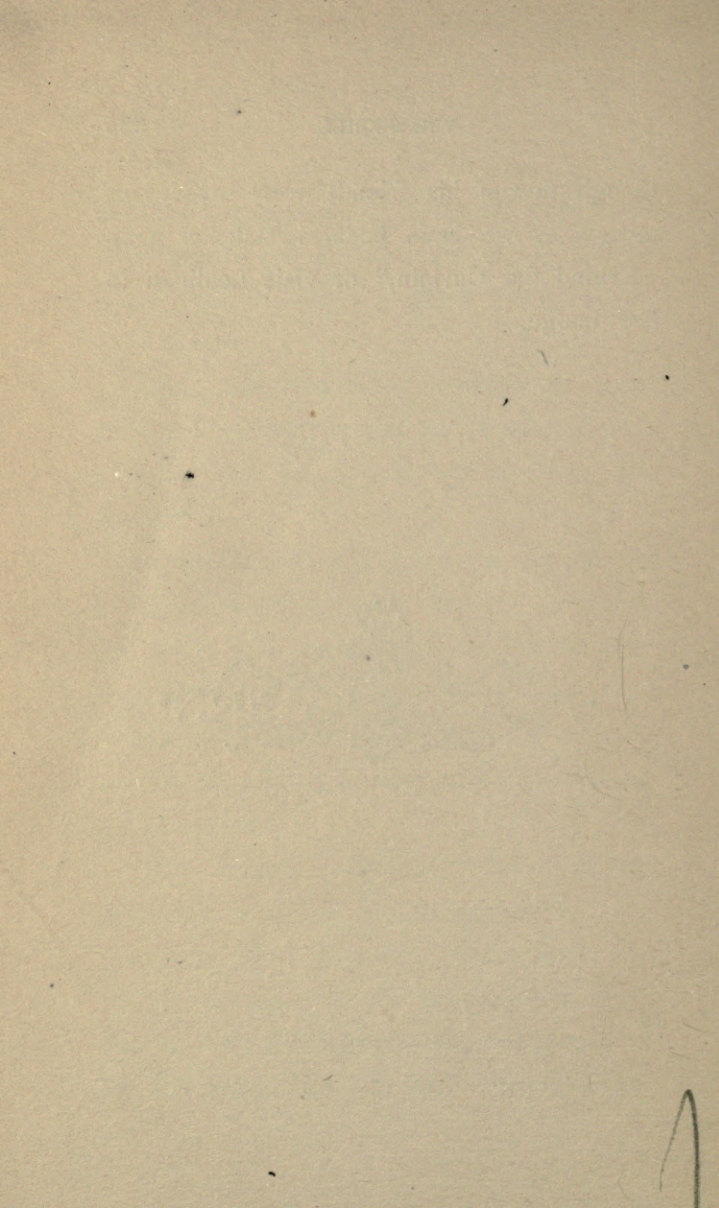
The white-haired nobleman was deeply moved, as after glancing at its provisions, he remarked :

"This accords exactly with the statement my uncle made in his dying hour."

In his after life, Mr. Wallingford was greatly esteemed for his urbanity and kindness in his social intercourse; and respected for his many acts of public munificence,

though few of his friends were ever permitted, as we have been, to take a peep "Behind the Curtain," or visit Leelinau in her Lodge.







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